

MAGLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 1 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

USA: 1951

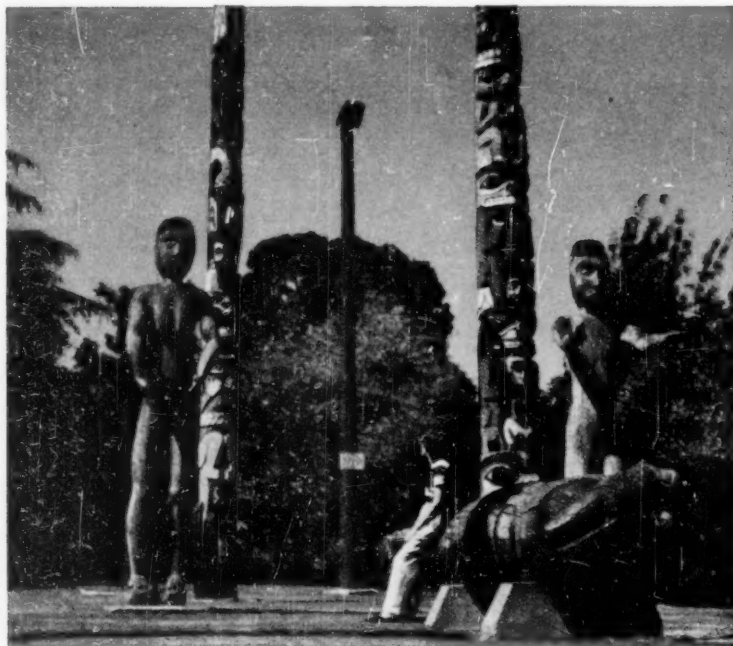
A CANADIAN VIEW

Five Pages of Pictures and Text

By JOHN CLARE



To get there... MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

From coast to coast . . . any place in this big and beautiful Dominion, more Canadians ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind . . . and it's important to you to know why. You see, car makers . . . who really know tires—find that Goodyear Super-Cushions give the best all-around combination of safety, softer ride and mileage. So they put more Super-Cushions on the new cars than



ANNAPOLIS, NOVA SCOTIA

any other kind. And the public, as a result of its own experience with Goodyear, buys more Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy? See your Goodyear dealer for long-mileage Super-Cushions right away!



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GOOD-YEAR



Are you
Sure
you have
enough time?

LET'S FACE IT. It's time to look Autumn square in the eye . . . and start dusting off the brief cases, the lunch boxes and the textbooks. And as long as you're checking over your equipment to do a bang-up job, how about checking on the one item that will get you off to a good start *every* day? Here are ten timely suggestions from Westclox. They're lovely to look at . . . easy to live with. Long-lived and low-priced!



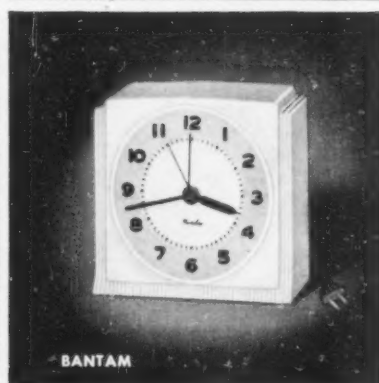
BIG BEN



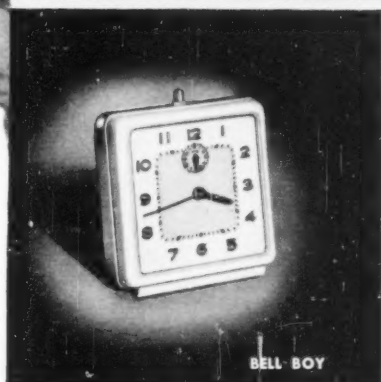
MOONBEAM



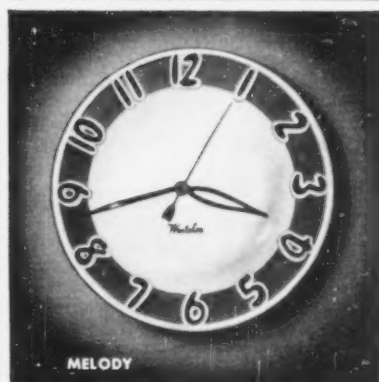
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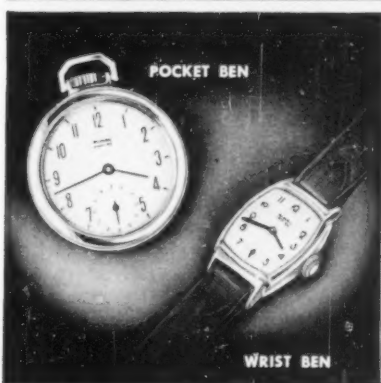
BANTAM



BELL BOY

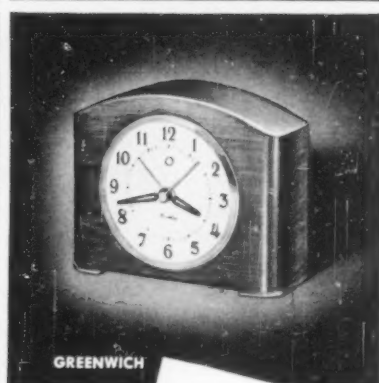


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GREENWICH



Baby Ben Alarm has a quiet tick and a steady call; adjustable to loud or soft. Black or ivory finish. \$6.25. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

Big Ben Loud Alarm has a tick you can hear; a deep intermittent "fire-alarm" gong. \$6.25. Luminous, a dollar more.

Moonbeam Electric Alarm wakes you silently with a blinking light . . . later followed by an audible alarm. 60-cycle only. \$14.50. With luminous dial, a dollar more.



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Bell Boy Alarm is an attractive Westclox at a very attractive price! Ivory finish with gold colour trim. \$3.65. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

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Greenwich Electric Alarm has a rich mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous, a dollar more.



*Reg'd. Trade Marks

EDITORIAL

Should the CBC Have the Last Word?

TO MOST CANADIANS, we think, the argument between public and private radio is as dead as the last flicker of a studio laugh. In 1928 the Aird Commission decreed that the air over Canada belongs to the Canadian people as a whole. Successive parliamentary committees have restated the principle and confirmed the CBC as the trustee in charge and it is no surprise that the Massey Commission has urged us to leave it that way.

It looks, in short, as though the CBC will continue to run its own fifteen stations pretty much as before while still maintaining a large degree of control over the nation's one hundred and thirty-five private stations. The CBC will retain the right to tell these private stations how they shall operate, to some extent what programs they shall and shall not carry and, should it see fit, to kick them off the air.

We believe most Canadians regret the existence of this situation and also recognize that this situation, or something like it, is unavoidable. Monopolies are distasteful to most of us and they are particularly distasteful in the field of communication and information. Nevertheless, no one has been able to suggest a way around the laws of electronics; the laws of electronics limit the number of usable wavelengths and hence deny us freedom of the air in the same wide sense that we have achieved freedom of the Press and freedom of speech.

But within these two limitations—the physical nature of the air and the precedence of public rights over private rights—Canadian radio has contrived to find a very high level of freedom. The best proof is what comes out of the loudspeaker. A slave serving one master might create the CBC's Wednesday Night programs. Another slave serving another master might create the average commercial give-away. The same slave serving the same master could not possibly create both. The best assurance that Canadian radio wears no man's harness is that no man, whatever his tastes, could possibly fail to be bored or revolted by a great deal of its product and entertained or enriched by at least some of it. It simply cannot be said that, nominal dictator though it may be over the private stations, the CBC has often been disposed to dictate. Quite the contrary, it seems to have avoided the temptation to dictate even to itself. Its own artistic performances fluctuate often enough between the excellent and the unspeakable that no reasonable person could accuse it of regimenting its standards.

To sum up, the CBC has used its supervisory powers with discretion and its powers as a cultural force with a light and liberal hand. Its standing in its ancient debate with private radio was never firmer.

It is precisely because of this that Maclean's is sorry the Massey Commission as a whole did not accept the minority recommendation of Arthur Surveyor for an independent regulating body with authority over both the private and the public stations. We have no fear, as the commission had, that such a body might "divide or destroy" the existing structure of Canadian radio. We do not see how it could do very much of anything that the CBC hasn't been doing all along and presumably will continue to do if it retains its present powers. It would be an instrument of the same government as the CBC, representing the interests of the same taxpayers who own the CBC, and committed to the same general policies now carried out by the CBC. Its existence as something apart from the CBC could not alter the basic conditions on which Canadians have chosen to use the air nor could it alter in any essential way what comes over the air. It would, however, remove the one major removable barrier between the legitimate interests of private radio and the legitimate interests of public radio. The private stations have no quick, satisfactory or fair means of appealing from the decisions of the CBC, which is in many respects a competitor. If there ever was a good reason why this should have been denied them, surely it has disappeared now that the rights of public radio over private radio have been so widely accepted.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 64 SEPTEMBER 1, 1951 No. 17

Cover: Painted by William Winter

Articles

USA 1951. John Clare	7
DON'T CUSS THE TRAFFIC COP. Max Braithwaite	14
WHY THEY ALL HATE THE ARGOS. Trent Frayne	16
SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL YOU IF YOU'RE GOING TO DIE? Fred Bodsworth	18
HOW TO SLAY THEM WITH SMALL TALK. Robert Thomas Allen	20
MAY NICHOLLS AND HER BORROWED BROOD. Sidney Katz	22
I'VE WON MY WAR AGAINST THE WEED. Carroll Coburn	24

Fiction

THE RIDDLE OF THE VIKING BOW. Farley Mowat	12
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Departments

EDITORIALS	2
LONDON LETTER: SKIRLING OVER THE STONE OF SCONE. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	26
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	27
CANADIANECNOTE: And the Meek Shall Inherit	43
SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY. Peter Whalley	45
MAILBAG	3
WIT AND WISDOM	55
PARADE	56

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By Miller (page 4), John Clare (7, 8, 9, 10, 11),
Paul Rockett—Panda (14, 15), Ken Bell (16, 17, 22,
23, 27), Peter Croydon (19, 22, 23).

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1951

MAILBAG

In Spite of Everything

I have changed my mind. Your editorial, Who Shall Speak for Canada? (June 15) has done the trick.

In spite of the fact that the staples give way and your pages spill all over the house;

In spite of bilious covers and gruesome art work;

In spite of pointless fiction stories; In spite of the fact that I am contributing to inflation because I am buying beyond my means:

Please renew my subscription.

Our good neighbors to the south become just neighbors in the matters abstract but vitally important to both Canadian and Canadian. Sorry, Sam, I cannot marry you, but I would like to be a brother to you.—Frank Hogue, Kapuskasing, Ont.

● My sincerest congratulations, and cheers! My pride in Canada and Canadianism increases by leaps and bounds.—Mrs. Dorothy Gale, Vancouver.

● I like Maclean's because: 1, It is frankly "Canadian;" 2, It is non-partisan; 3, It pulls no punches and makes an honest effort to present all sides of a question.

I do not agree with everything you



print, why should I? Surely we may differ . . . I wish you nothing but the best of good writers of all stripes.—J. H. Faulkner, Edmonton.

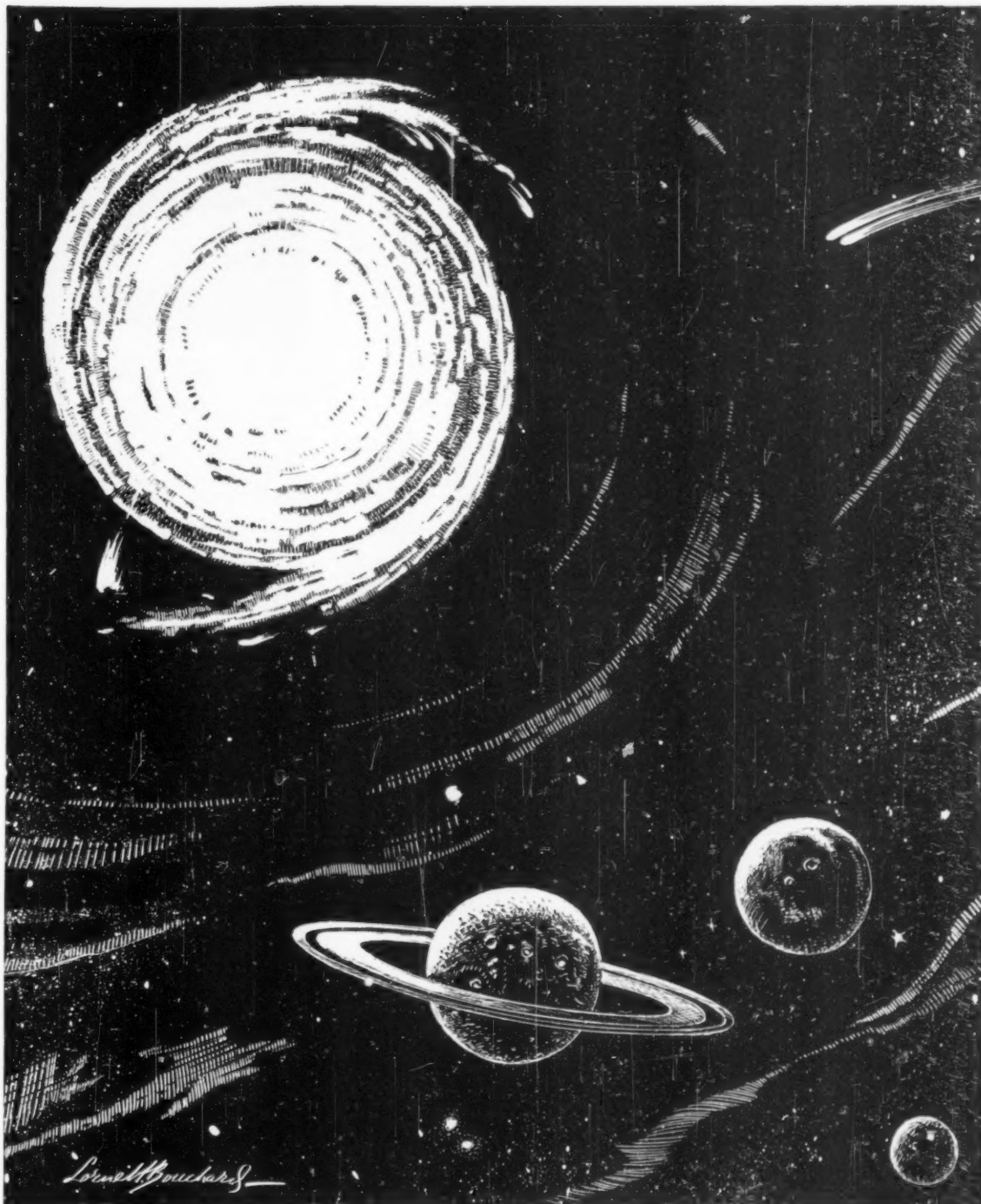
● Your guest editorial by Arthur Lower, I Came Back and I Am Content (July 1), does a real disservice to the cause which he seems to be supporting . . . I, for one, wish he'd never come back to join the noisy minority who are constantly rushing to print and apologizing all over the place for Canada's shortcomings.—O. R. Evans, Montreal.

● A. R. M. Lower . . . abundantly fills the bill for sense and courage. Many of your recent editorials have been outstanding (especially March 15, May 15, June 15).—G. C. Thomson, Swift Current.

● The guest editorial by Arthur Lower in your July 1 issue—the most unmitigated bunch of bellywash I have read for a long time. I lay in bed and read it five times and got up to take some bi-carb because I just couldn't digest it.—Willard Jackson, Stouffville, Ont.

● I would suggest that you write your editorials on something of which you have knowledge. You seem to know nothing about the reaction of the bulk of the American people to General MacArthur's dismissal.—W. S. Kellor, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

More Mailbag on Page 53



With the Speed of Light . . .
186,282 miles a second . . . your voice on the telephone wire reaches its destination. Through the Trans-Canada Telephone System you conquer space . . . bring long distance messages into your home on a moonbeam . . . and all at a cost of a dozen light bulbs.

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"He's Hanging Himself
Right Now!"



"MARK MY WORDS," Edith went on, "by the time they've gone twice around the dance floor, he'll get the complete brush-off from her."

"But why?" Polly queried. "He's so attractive . . . seems so attentive . . ."

"Indeed he is. And he's been wangling this date for weeks. Poor guy . . . he's through before he even starts . . . and he'll never know why*."

This sort of thing can happen, and usually does, when people are careless about halitosis* (unpleasant breath).

How About You?

Are you guilty? The insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not realize it is present. So at the very moment you want to be at your best, you may be at your worst . . . offending needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But, usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular

use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Why Run Such a Risk?

Don't risk offending others. And don't trust to makeshifts. Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic which millions have found to be an *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis. Really fastidious people look up to Listerine as part of their passport to popularity. It's so easy, so delightful to use, so lasting in effect.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it sweetens and freshens the breath, *not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually*. Your breath, indeed your entire mouth, feels wonderfully fresh and clean.

Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, get in the habit of using it night and morning for that clean, fresh feeling.

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Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . it's breath-taking!

Made in Canada



The Stone of Destiny retrieved from Arbroath Abbey. Some hotheads were ready to fight.

Skirling Over the Stone of Scone

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

NOT LONG before the Hitler war I was asked to address the annual dinner of the London Caledonian Society. It was a grand affair. A choir of Scottish lassies sang about the Hebrides and the waste of seas that separate the Scottish exile from his own fair land. Pipers serenaded the haggis when it was brought in triumph to the banquet hall and the chairman gave a glass of neat whisky to the chief piper.

Robert Burns was extolled, Wallace was acclaimed and Bruce got honorable mention. Who would not be a Scot? Hastily I claimed Scottish ancestry on my father's side, just in case I should be regarded as the descendant of Sassenachs. The place was charged with sentiment and a nostalgic longing for the streams and hills and gorse of Scotland.

When the evening was over a convoy of shining limousines drew up to take the diners to their luxurious homes in Belgrave Square or thereabouts. They were Scots who had conquered London and never had the least intention of ever leaving it.

Last New Year's day in Canada I went to lunch at the Toronto Club and met an extraordinary number of bank presidents. That is the irony of life: one always meets bank presidents when one does not need a loan. They were all about six foot two and, more or less, their name was McKenzie.

I have recalled these two festive occasions to emphasize the paradox of what is happening in Scotland today. Incredible as it may seem the Scottish home-rule movement has progressed to a point where the socialist and conservative parties will not be able to ignore it. Logic, geography and self-interest

are against it, but it is rousing a fanaticism which rises above these mundane things.

In Canada where there are now eleven parliaments it may seem strange that Great Britain with its fifty million people gets on pretty well with one. Actually there is a secretary of state for Scotland and a lord advocate as well as a solicitor general but they must be members of the British parliament and appointed by the government in power. This is better treatment than Wales is given, for the Welsh have not even a department, much less a secretary of state.

Yet when the Sinn Fein rebellions ended in the partition of Ireland there were two parliaments established in that unhappy island. No wonder the Welsh contend that at least they should have a secretary of state, and an increasing number of Scots believe that they are entitled to a parliament of their own.

Strangely enough the agitation in Scotland was never well organized. The Duke of Montrose made speeches in all directions, and that famous man of letters, Compton Mackenzie, wrote fiery words on the subject—but when a general election turned up the political machines of the big parties were too powerful. Occasionally a home-rule candidate would contest a seat but he was always overwhelmed by the larger issues and the big battalions.

In fact it looked as if the whole idea would perish of malnutrition when suddenly the news was flashed to the four corners of the world that the Stone of Scone had been audaciously stolen from Westminster Abbey. I was abroad at the time and was somewhat embarrassed by the questions put to me. Inexcusable as it must appear I knew very little about the Stone, an ignorance shared by a large

Continued on page 44

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

A Red Trend in Sheep's Clothing

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

IT'S A small straw in a very light wind, but the Kremlin seems to have instructed its embassies and satellites to be friendly again. They're hampered by lack of practice, but they're trying manfully.

Canadian officials here became aware of the new Communist tack as reports drifted in during the summer from twenty-nine missions abroad. All over the world the Canada Day party on July 1 was attended by unprecedented weight of brass from Iron Curtain embassies. In Moscow itself the difference was especially notable, both in the numbers and in the rank of those who accepted the routine invitation.

Cooing sounds were also heard in Ottawa from the ageing mansion on Charlotte Street which houses a dozen Soviet diplomats and their families. A month ago half a dozen Western ambassadors and a couple of External Affairs men found themselves invited to see a new Soviet film at the Russian Embassy.

"What evening did you say?" one guest enquired.

"Oh, Tuesday—or Wednesday, or Thursday, or Friday."

Stymied, the victim asked, "What shall I wear?"

"Ordinary clothes, and wife," said his host.

It turned out to be a curious evening. The film was chosen with rare Soviet tact for a Canadian audience; it was entitled *The Life of the Beaver* (Russian beaver, of course. "Apparently they've invented that too," a guest remarked). This was followed by a long dull newsreel on parachute jumping.

"The jumping is *sportif*," an aide explained, "not military."

Even that left a large chunk of evening still to be filled up, and Russians in Canada have scanty resources of small talk. Politics naturally are taboo; innocuous topics like the weather and the beautiful countryside were soon exhausted, because the Russians in Ottawa nowadays hardly ever venture outside their own gloomy embassy.

Anyway, there was plenty of vodka and caviar.

WHILE the enemy is being fitted for sheep's clothing friends are a bit stiff with one another. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization will meet here this month in an atmosphere of pained politeness.

German rearmament is one major item on the agenda, and resentment has not entirely cooled about that. Even countries (like Canada) whose governments agree with U. S. objectives in Germany are unhappy about the abrupt way it was laid before them.

Admission of Greece and Turkey to the NATO circle is a somewhat similar case. Nobody has any hostility toward Greece or Turkey. It might well have been easy to work out some kind of military alliance between the NATO countries as a group and the two newcomers which would have offered them all the military advantages of full membership.

But NATO is supposed to be more than a military alliance. It's supposed to be a regional group associated for mutual co-operation in all fields, including the economic. These peaceful features have been obscured by the

Continued on page 42



Cartoon by Grossick

Russians abroad seem to have switched to the "let's-be-pals" technique.

The man who said:

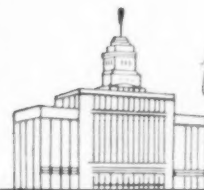
"I'll live to be a hundred!"



THAT'S RIGHT JIM, maybe you will live to be a hundred. But you can't be sure. Look what happened to *Don R. Don was 32 and in perfect health when he took out Canada Life Policy No. 906125 for \$2,500. Ten months later we paid a death claim on this policy. The paid premium was \$52.50.

Put first things first Jim. No other form of investment is as economical as life insurance because it is your only sure means of providing protection for your family while building up security for your own future. Every man's insurance needs are different so why not see your Canada Life representative for advice. He'll help you choose the policy that gives you the life insurance program best suited to your needs.

**Name is fictitious but facts are taken from our own files.*



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The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

*They all vote for
the electrical
way of living
because...*



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provide comfort and convenience the whole family appreciates

"LIVING ELECTRICALLY" is truly a family affair. Everyone benefits — everyone lives more comfortably and more happily in the all-electric home, youngsters and parents alike.

Mother has more energy, more leisure to join in the family's activities — when electrical servants shoulder the heavy work, speed housekeeping. Living is healthier, entertainment is assured, in the home where the electrical way of living holds sway.

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There you'll find appliances specially designed to handle every household task. Your G-E Dealer will gladly demonstrate — and arrange terms to suit your budget.



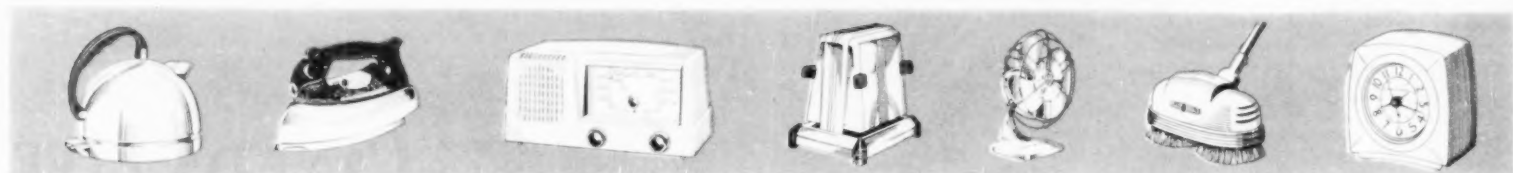
From floor to ceiling, cellar to attic — an electric floor polisher and vacuum cleaner keep your home spotlessly clean, bright and shining with a minimum of effort.



Electric water-heating assures plenty of hot water for all your needs. The entire laundry routine is accomplished in a few pleasant hours in the all-electric laundry.



The modern electric kitchen is a pleasant, happy room for working hours, with electrical equipment that speeds cooking, preserves food, disposes of food waste.



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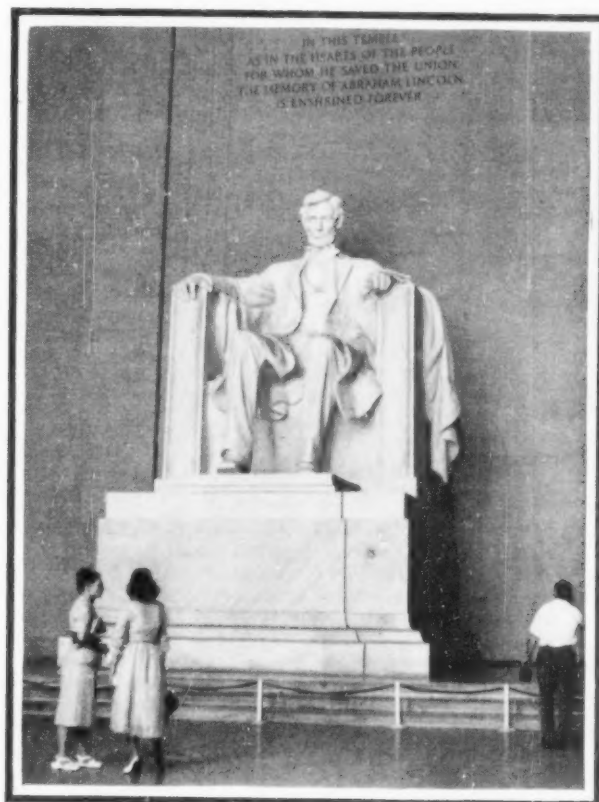
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

USA 1951

From this report on the people next door — the most powerful nation on earth — one striking fact stands out: The Canadians and Americans are not "just the same"

Story and Pictures by JOHN CLARE

MACLEAN'S MANAGING EDITOR



Story Starts Next Page ►►►



A. W. Slocum (left) with his son Dub took more than \$230,000 to the bank one day this summer after shipping cattle from his Lazy S ranch to market from Cresson, Texas. He wonders what kind of a world it will be when Dub is ready to run the ranch.



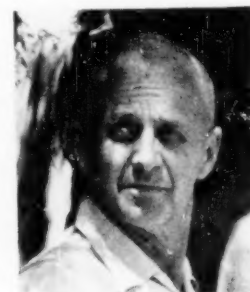
Don Nimmo and Jacqueline Hagard, of Independence, Mo., are just through high school. His future is known only to his home-town draft board.



Sgt. William McDermont, of Eagle Lake, Minn., took to the air from high school. Boys liable for the draft find good positions difficult to locate.



Bob Burns, Phoenix, Ariz., says life has never been so good, yet he often worries. "The only thing left to do is live from day to day," he says with a shrug.



Odd Halseth, Phoenix, Ariz., is the only city archaeologist in the U. S. He says gloomily, "Some day you folk up in Canada may have to feed us."

THIS SUMMER seemed like a good time to travel through the United States to see how it was with the people next door, for in many ways this had been an important, perhaps critical year, in our relations with them.

As almost any after-dinner speaker will tell you, if he hasn't already, the two countries have lived in neighborly peace along three thousand miles of frontier without a frowning fortress for the greater part of one hundred and seventy-five years. Only once in that time did martial noises mar this idyll and that was in a clumsily fought war that each side still thinks it won.

In this atmosphere of repeated assurances of friendship generations of Canadians have grown up proud of their ability to get along with the people next door. And in this same atmosphere the assumption has grown up on both sides of the border that since we are such good friends we must be the same kind of people.

In the last year the assumption of easy automatic friendship between people who are essentially the same has been more forcefully tested than ever before.

When the fighting broke out in Korea the U. S. was critical of the extent of Canadian aid and the speed with which it was sent.

Earlier this year Canada's External Affairs Minister, Mike Pearson, made a speech during which he told the U. S. State Department that Canada was tired of being treated, in effect, like a branch

office of the U. S. He asked that Canada be treated like a nation—like the Egyptians, for instance.

As the U. S. Government gave every sign of repeating the familiar formality of examining and rejecting the St. Lawrence Seaway Canada indicated that this time it would go ahead with the great project on its own.

This was the year too when the Massey Commission in its report made official the view that the powerful influence of U. S. life on ours threatens our very identity as Canadians.

And so this summer seemed like a good time to visit the people next door, to re-examine the belief, worn smooth by much handling, that we are just like them.

We're not.

Americans *are* different. They are different from each other and they are different from the Americans of ten and even five years ago. This is the country that produced Franklin Roosevelt and Robert McCormick; Walt Whitman and Edgar Guest; the Duponts, the Fords and the colored sharecroppers who must ride in the back of the bus. They differ from each other, in the same startling and dramatic terms as a Mongolian shepherd differs from a fisherman on the bank of the Seine. In the same measure they differ from us.

On my visit I traveled twelve thousand miles, mostly by bus but also by train, plane, foot and thumb. I was in towns in twenty-five states and in all regions. I talked to hundreds of people about

their troubles—for U. S. A. 1951 is a deeply troubled country—about their grocery bills, their hopes, the changes that have come over their lives and their country's. I talked to them about how they feel about Canada. And out of this came some conclusions, which it would be presumptuous to present as definitive or the essence of U. S. A. 1951, but which do tell something of how it is with the people next door.

Some of the differences I saw were close to the surface, like the way people I talked to said "vacation" (pronounced "vay-cation") where we would say holiday. People pronounced it "heero" when they said "hero" and when they wanted to know if you had a cigarette they said, "Do you have a cigarette?" A chesterfield was not something to sit on but a coat with a velvet collar worn by a grown-up Lord Fauntleroy.

Other differences, less superficial, seemed to lie closer to the heart and the spirit of the people I talked to and for that reason, once observed, were more revealing.

All the people I met next door were intensely aware and proud of their Americanism. Often they came right out and said so, as did Arlene Chesna, a registered nurse living on 96th Street in New York. We were talking about how she lives: she makes twelve dollars a day, shares an apartment with another girl, finds businessmen dull as dates, prefers professional men but not doctors because they talk shop, and she has no desire to leave the

USA 1951

Symbol like TV and GI signed the new roads America is taking in this year of crisis. A young man with a uniform belt has a chance to earn his first year



Mrs. Walter Truslow yearns for the Brooklyn that has vanished. "Now all we're famous for is a tree and the Dodgers."



Charles Rathe, newspaper editor of Sauk Center, Minn., has seen some of the changes that Sinclair Lewis once dreamed of.



Ronnie Lau, a Hopalong Cassidy fan in San Francisco's Chinatown, packs his TV hero's six guns instead of crackers.



Liggett Crim, one of twenty-five millionaires in Kilgore, Texas. Oil was discovered in his front yard one Sunday morning.



Ernie Hardcastle and wife Berthy still live on his backwoods farm near Jacksonville, Ark., but now he goes to work every day in a factory that war brought to the district.



Tom Kim, of San Francisco, says Chinatown's young folks no longer follow the ways of their parents, but often move away.



The wars have made nomads out of the Harpers, of Emporia, Kan. A new call from the Army has Mrs. Harper packing.



Mrs. Mabel Bonner, Fort Worth, knows that things are better now for Negroes in the north, but she's proud to be a Texan.



Sam Kozu, of Seattle, and other Japanese-Americans have won for themselves a proud secure place in the changing U. S. A.

music and theatre Manhattan offers to return to her small Pennsylvania home town. Suddenly, almost impetuously, she straightened slightly in her chair and said, with quiet dignity, "And I want to tell you I'm proud to be an American."

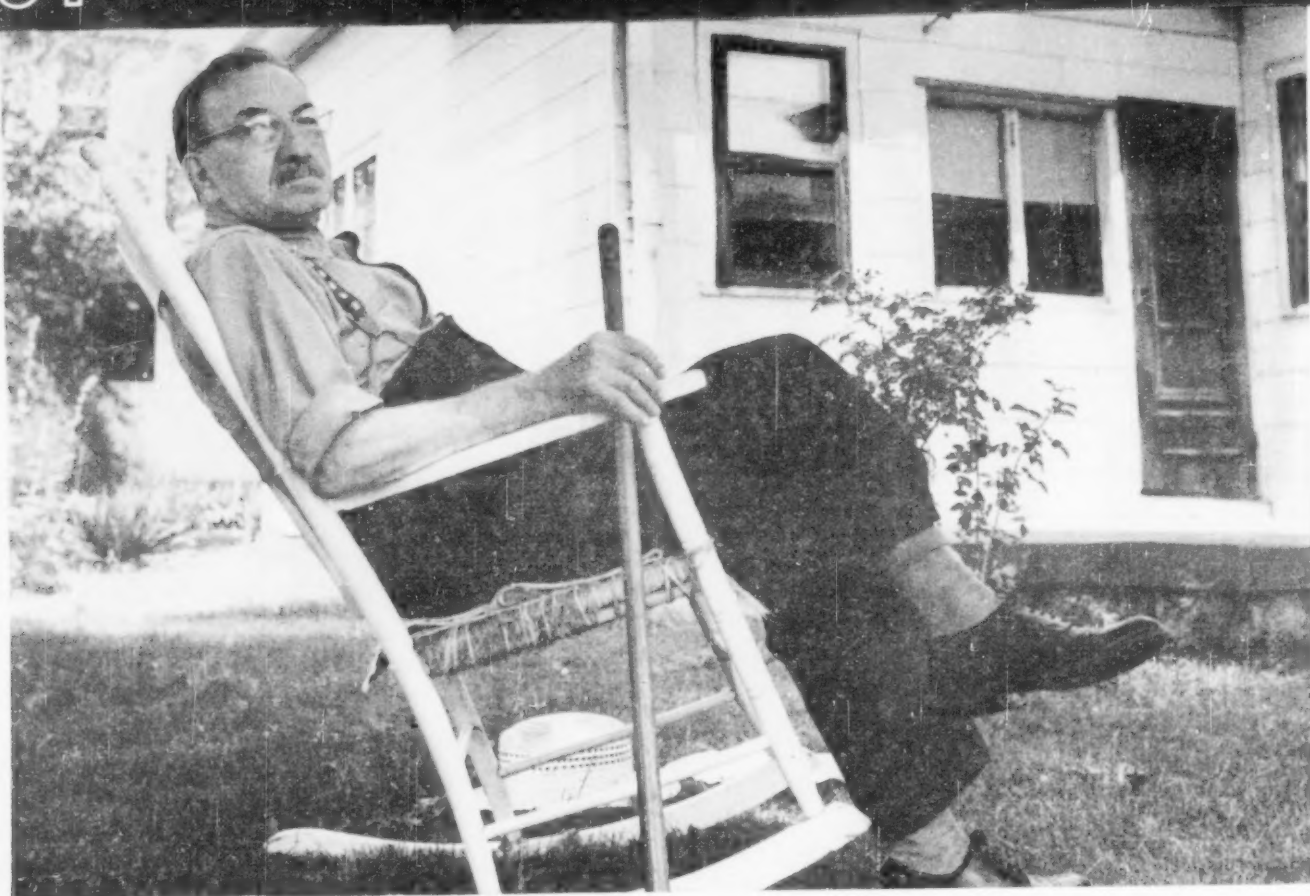
A Texas rancher, Ferd Slocum, of Cresson, told me with the deep sincerity of a man offering some inside information: "I tell you we're the luckiest people in the world here in this country—in these two countries—of ours."

The people I talked to obviously love their country, and being very much in love, say so, often. One reason for this highly articulate patriotism may lie in a little scene I saw enacted in a Washington home. The two boys told me that every morning at school the flag was raised while the children repeated the oath of allegiance. They went through the ritual for my benefit, right hands on their hearts, their eyes upraised to a flag which was there only in their minds as they said in unison: "I

pledge my allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands . . . " They told me they frequently sing such songs as America the Beautiful and God Bless America, in addition to their national anthem.

The people I talked to had a lively pride in the shape and the sounds and even the smell of their rich and beautiful country and they told of the things they had seen in their travels—and most of them had traveled considerably—with an air of

CONTINUED



Frank Jesse, now retired, lives in Independence, Mo., hometown of the President. He was surprised to learn that Canada's winters are much the same as Independence's. Of his illustrious neighbor, Frank says, "We keep pretty much to ourselves."



Mrs. Everett Borgmann's electrified Minnesota farmhouse impressed her Saskatchewan friends.



R. C. Johnson, Negro schoolteacher of Birmingham, hadn't heard of race problems here.



Everett Borgmann took a trip to Canada once. He liked our country fine, but, brother, the roads!



Frank Cress, railroader, has heard only good of us. "We should have taken Canada ourselves."



Alice Krogstad, Fargo, is lured by reports of good fishing in Canada, wants to try it herself.



Jim Baccus, Fargo, N.D., thinks Canucks and Yanks will remain pals despite political upsets.

wonder rather than boastfulness. This desire to talk about the bigness and the beauty of their country is probably not always appreciated when they are away from home, but in their own land it sounds like what it is, pride expressed naturally and with enthusiasm.

On the train going from Seattle to San Francisco one evening an elderly man, chatting with a woman

who had her hands full with two young children, was extremely anxious that she should stay up long enough to see a particular view much beloved by him. When the woman thanked him but declined, looking wearily at the children she was anxious to bed down for the night, her guide left her abruptly, hurt that she was not going to share his favorite part of America.

The people I talked to live close to their history. For example, if all the streets called Jackson in the U. S. were put in one place there would probably be enough to provide streets for all the towns called Jackson. Their speech is sprinkled with historical allusion and reference to men like Lincoln and Jefferson.

A young businessman in Phoenix told me: "I

A fishing pole in the hands of a small boy is one of the symbols America cherishes. A nation which has drawn much of its strength from small towns found a president there, too.

like driving up to the mountains with the family on the week end. Behind every rock at every turn of the road I think I can see the tips of Apache feathers in the dusk and sometimes I am sure I can hear the distant drums and the war chants. I have the feeling that we're awfully close to the past here."

Many of the people I talked to spoke like the man in a Minnesota town who said: "Why, that border might just as well not be there. We're all the same and you know if it ever comes to the pinch you would join the United States before you joined England."

The answer to that came not from a Canadian but from Dean Wiley, a pipe-line foreman who comes from near Kansas City, Mo. Wiley is a war veteran who has never been in Canada. "Can't you understand—the guy's a Canadian. He was raised in Saskatchewan, wherever that is. He doesn't want to be an American and I don't blame him. I don't want to be a Canadian either, but I want to be friends with Canadians. It's no trick for people who are exactly the same to get along with each other. If we're ever going to have peace it's got to be among people who are different but get along fine. And I think it makes for a stronger world when you build it with different kinds of material. There's always a big middle ground where we can get together without fighting and still be ourselves. Me, I'll always be from Missouri."

Most of the people I talked to were willing, although surprised, to be interviewed by a Canadian reporter. Some were hostile, like the man in Syracuse who said it was senseless to talk about world affairs with anyone from a country that "had to do whatever the King of England told them to." Most, however, were friendly but uninformed. Along the border states they had a working knowledge of our geography, although a telephone operator in Fargo, N.D., next door to Saskatchewan, asked me what town in Saskatoon I wanted when I placed a telephone call.

The people I talked to seemed to think of Canada, in a vague and friendly way, as a large damp country to the north, stiff with game, fish, Mounties and mountains. They had been taught at school something about our geography, almost nothing about our history and little about our political institutions. Since few of them had any ties with Canada there had been no reason to learn more. Most of them agreed this was a pity and something should be done about it.

All the people I talked to thought we had our television and our own draft for military service and only a few knew Canada had troops in Korea. The only man I met who knew the name of our Prime Minister—and I didn't ask everyone by any means—wasn't sure how to spell it. Nearly everyone, particularly in the south, had an exaggerated idea of our winters, although none of them were candidates for the classical role of the tourist who, legend has it, brought skis to Canada in July.

Several people I talked to were surprised I didn't have an English accent. One amateur anthropologist, who claimed he could pick out a Harvard man singing Yale's Stein Song in a male chorus, tagged me as pure Ohio. Most Americans who are familiar with Canadian speech seem to think it has Scottish undertones. My own observation is that the "out" and "about" are the tipoff. Most Americans get an "aou" sound in there where Canadians clip the syllable somewhat.

In Syracuse a woman who has often been to



LITTLE WHITE CHURCH. In Oak Ridge, Tenn., the atom town, Rev. Hicks worries over his poor crowds.



MAIN STREET. Sauk Center was mad when Lewis put it in his Nobel novel; now they boast.



OLD HOMETOWN. Truman's home in Independence. It is a model for the typical American small town.



GOIN' FISHING. Lawrence Shook (with rod) and brother Ken go after "mostly sunfish" in Arkansas.

Canada told me indignantly that the theme of a recent Howdy Doody puppet show for children on TV treated Canada as a sort of Siberia. Characters in the fable were told if they didn't behave they would be sent to Canada "where it's c-o-o-l-d."

Bob Fuller, a Chicago taxi-driver, said he read the Tribune editorial page but it had no effect on his attitude toward the British in spite of the views of publisher Col. Robert McCormick.

"That's just a lot of politics," he said. "I fought beside the Canadians and the Limeys in the last war and I've got a lot of respect for them. Most people here have too. I'll say this one thing though. If there ever is any trouble between Canada and the U. S. it will be caused by those English Tories who are buying up all the property here in the States. They say the English own most of Hollywood. But I wouldn't worry about it. Canadians and Americans will always be friends and don't pay any attention to cracks the Tribune makes."

Jim Baccus, of Fargo, had read the Pearson talk and referred to it as "a Whitehall speech." He thought that since the U. S. was spending so much on defense for the West it had the right to examine closely the intentions and the performance of its friends, and they shouldn't get angry when it did so.

"For instance," he said, "there has been a lot of criticism here of bringing Mexican labor in to work our crops when our own farmers have sons in Korea. People are bound to ask how many men the Mexicans have in Korea," he said.

In Gary, Ind., I talked to Ray Underwood at his job on a Bessemer furnace at the huge U. S. Steel plant. Ray was teaching English at the University of Valparaiso and working on his Ph.D. when he was asked to come back to the job he did during the war. "I want to write some day," he said as he worked in a control house lit by the glare of molten iron. "I probably won't make as much money as I do making steel but it will be cooler. Have you got any authors in Canada? I'm trying to think of some we teach our kids about, but I can't think of any except Stephen Leacock."

In Emporia, Kan., where the office from which William Allen White, famous editor of the Gazette, looked out on the world has been preserved, I talked to Lt. William (Sally) Rand.

Rand, who was raised in Atchison, Kan., is back in his home state taking accounting after being invalidated out of the army with a leg wound he received in the Korean war. When I asked him he said: "The Pats? Sure, I know all about them. They got there just before I got mine."

The people I talked to in U. S. A. 1951 were troubled. Most of them agreed with what Charles Dickens said of another place and another critical summer: "It was the best of times, the worst of times." Some of them used his exact words. To be sure, wages were good. They had to be if you were going to pay six and seven dollars a pair for small children's shoes and a dollar twenty-five a pound for beef. Business was good but many businessmen, like a Texas rancher whose sales will be half a million dollars this year as against eighty thousand in the Thirties, was worried and wondered where it was all going to end.

While the price of beef made them angry—angrier than any other domestic problem, according to a public opinion poll—the people I talked to had a deeper concern. Young people wondered how they were going to plan and shape a secure future; parents

Continued on page 46



The Riddle of the Viking Bow

From the twang of a sinew string
old Haluk of the Blue Eyes
fashioned a tale of blood and love
around a red-bearded giant
who came from the far salt sea

By FARLEY MOWAT

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON



SAT IN THE DOORWAY of my tent watching Haluk at work and for the hundredth time I looked into the old Eskimo's lined face and tried to penetrate its mystery. His high straight brow shadowed his eyes so it was difficult to see that they were not the sombre black of all his people, but a deep and piercing blue. The key to the mystery lay in those eyes, but lurking far back in time—too far to let me glimpse its meaning, though as an archaeologist it has long been my work to pry into the ancient secrets of man.

Idly I watched him work. Those strange eyes dreamed over his task so that he neither saw nor heard the world around him; for Haluk was intent on giving new life to an almost forgotten memory from another age. I waited silently until his task was done.

When the long Arctic sun was lying gently on the west horizon of the barren plains Haluk came to my tent bearing the completed product of his memory and of his hands. It was a thing of antler bone and black spruce wood; a crude mockery of the crossbows that won a thousand victories upon the battlefields of Europe seven hundred years or more ago. But it was much more than that to me, for the crossbow's existence in these Arctic plains was a baffling riddle.

Only a few days earlier Haluk had been telling me stories of his childhood and of the hunts made after the musk ox, and he had spoken casually of a weapon that I knew did not exist in the culture of the Eskimos. Thinking that I must have misunderstood his words, I questioned him until at last he drew a picture of a crossbow in the sand to show me what he meant. Still I could not believe it, for it was impossible that his isolated inland race, cut off for centuries from the outside world, should have known and used a weapon that no other native men in the Americas had ever seen.

It seemed impossible, and yet I asked Haluk if he could make one of the weapons that he had described. And now the crossbow was reality. I could no longer doubt.

A slow smile drew the weathered skin taut over his sharp cheekbones as Haluk watched me struggling with my disbelief. He did not speak but, laying an arrow on the grooved shoulder piece, he drew back the sinew string. On the dark and shadowed river near at hand an Arctic loon dipped and swam quietly. There was a sudden resonant vibration on the still air. Something whispered furtively over the river, and at once the great loon half rose, flashing its wings in dying agony before it floated down the stream, an inert dark patch upon the sullen waters.

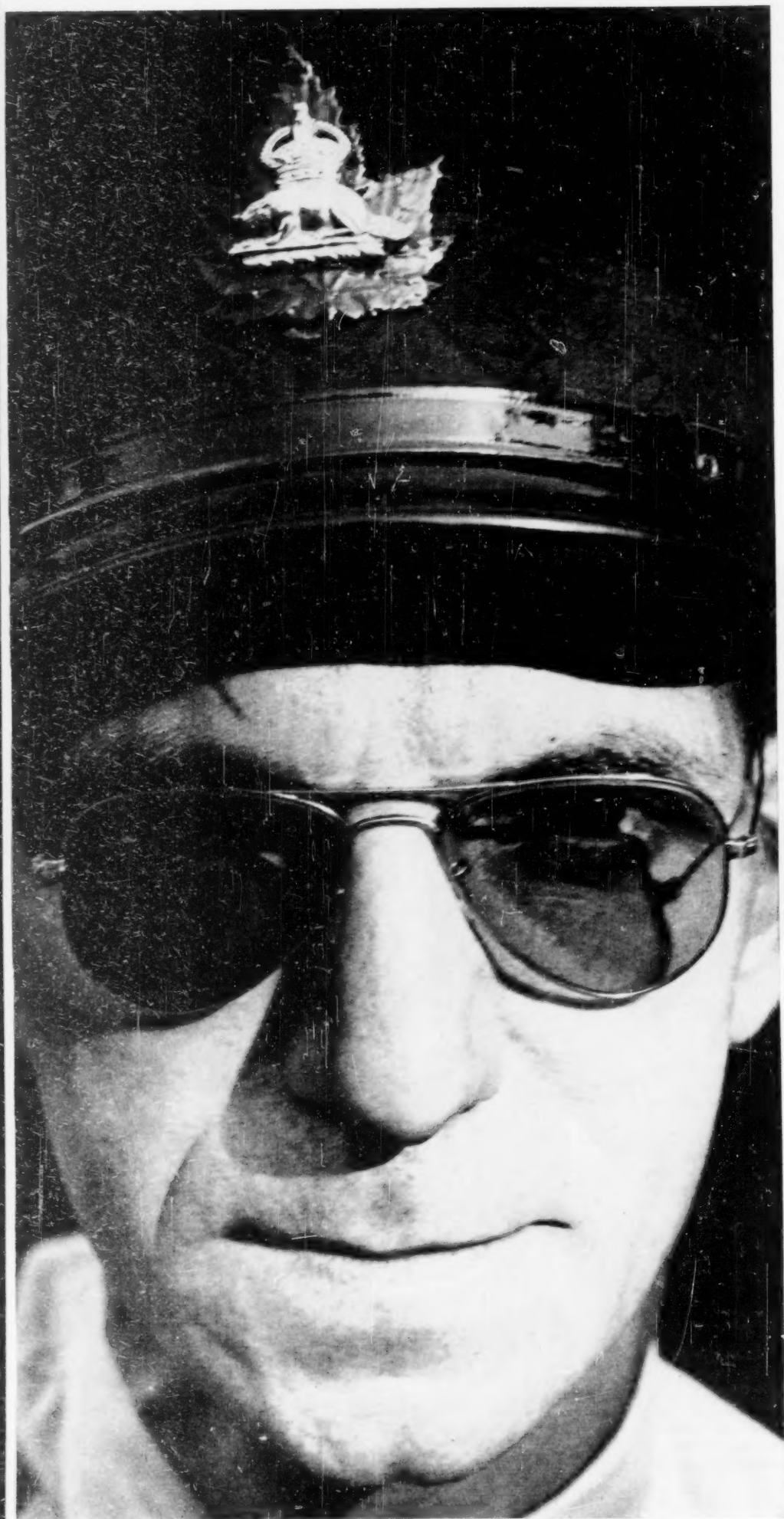
Haluk lowered his bow and, placing it beside him, squatted down to light his stained stone pipe. He did not wait for the outburst of my eager questions but, turning to watch the river, he began his tale, a tale called into words across uncounted centuries by the vibrant song of the crossbow:

AH, HALUK began, but this was a weapon for a man! It was the strength that gave us life for many generations; and it was the tool we laid aside to rot when you white men brought rifles to our land. That was a wrong thing we did, for men should not discard the gifts that make them great.

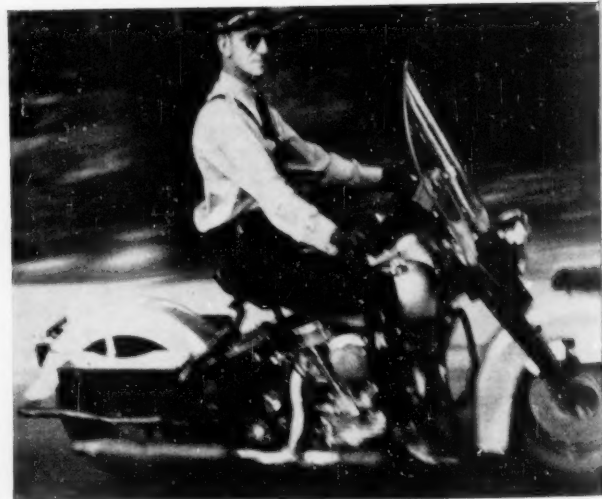
It came to us in times almost out of memory, but I hold the fragments of that memory, for my fathers and their fathers' fathers were shamens and workers of magic, and to such men it is given to know the ancient stories of our race. So I can tell you of the *Inohowik*—the Men of Iron—and I speak not from old tales alone but

Continued on page 37





DON'T CUSS THE TRAFFIC COP



His motor-cycle will do 120 mph but his only bad spill came at 10 mph when an old man ran him down.

Patrol Sergeant Walter Porter can't understand why a man becomes a heel when he climbs behind the wheel. Though he gets sworn at, bullied and threatened, he manages to keep his temper and sanity and almost kills himself with work to try to stop you from killing yourself

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT-PANDA



Porter stops dozens of drivers a day to check on traffic-law violations.



He parks his bike in front of the car, cools off while walking back.



A woman's wiles don't work here. If she deserves a ticket she gets one.



A cop's thanks for saving a driver from grief is often a storm of abuse.



WALTER ALVIN PORTER, a big wise patrol sergeant whose curly hair has already started to grey, has one of the toughest and most thankless jobs in Canada. He's a Toronto traffic cop.

It's a job that makes him indirectly responsible for the safety of up to a quarter million impatient, careless, defiant motorists on the narrow streets of one of the world's nastiest traffic cities. It requires him to be bounced and jiggled for eight hours a day in the snow, sleet, rain and heat until his kidneys feel like mush and his sinuses yell for mercy. It requires him to be in court on his day off when he'd rather be tending his roses. It twists his life around so that his wife seldom knows when to expect him for supper or if she will see him in the evening. But, worse than all this, it's a job that makes him a symbol of hate and fear in the eyes of the very motorists he risks his life to protect—drivers who cajole, threaten, curse and whine to escape a ticket and have even been known to tear it up and pitch it in his face.

For all this Patrol Sgt. Porter receives a salary of thirty-six hundred dollars a year—much less than a first-class plumber. Seven percent of it goes into a pension fund that will pay him twelve hundred a year on retirement after thirty years' service.

To most drivers the traffic cop appears the epitome of meanness in uniform, but Porter at thirty-five is a good-natured man who somehow, in spite of abuse from motorists, has managed to keep his temper even and his ideals straight. He has become neither cynical, bitter nor mean, and he never forgets that his real job is to protect rather than to punish.

But, after sixteen years of police work, Porter still can't figure out why getting behind the wheel of a car should make a heel out of an otherwise honest, well-mannered, decent citizen. "They'll break every law in the book," he says, shaking his head sorrowfully, "and take chances my seven-year-old Bruce wouldn't take. And then, like kids, as soon as they see a policeman on the corner they become little angels—slow right down to a walk, signal all over the place, wave other drivers ahead and become so damned polite they tie up the intersection."

Looks Like a Losing Battle

Since all Toronto is his beat (Porter supervises about twenty-five other patrolmen on his shift) he has a good chance to observe the folly of motorists. According to a recent international survey Toronto has more cars per thousand population than either Chicago or New York City—more, in fact, than any other city in the world except Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Milwaukee. There are more than a quarter million motor vehicles registered in the city and adjoining York Township. Add to this the tourists and commuters, and the traffic division on an average busy day has more than two hundred thousand vehicles to handle.

Against these Porter and the hundred and thirty-five other motorcycle men are fighting a losing battle. Although they hand out an average of four hundred and fifty tickets and summonses a day and lecture twice that many drivers, the accident rate continues to rise. Last year the city had 7,849 accidents involving motorists, with 3,308 injured and 58 killed. This year's accident rate is already 1,323 ahead of last year.

At that, according to the annual inventory of the National Safety League of Chicago, Toronto has a better record than all except two North American cities in its population group.

When Porter eases his long (six foot two, 150-pound) frame off his bike and walks back to have a few words with some dare-devil motorist, he's ready for anything and frequently gets it. Roughly, he classifies recalcitrant drivers as crawlers, cursers and big shots. The crawler has a hard-luck story ready. "You should hear them," Porter says, with a grimace. "The wife is in hospital, the kids have no shoes, the mortgage is due and if he gets a ticket he'll lose his job."

The curser believes that the best defense is attack. He starts shouting at the patrolman as soon as he's in range, and in a loud domineering voice recites all the unsavory publicity about the police he can think of.

The big shot treats a

Continued on page 50



No tough cop, Porter likes people and enjoys playing with kids. His own are Gail, Bruce.



His job often interferes with his home life but he has refused several offers to change.



His hobby is gardening and he also studies law, which often helps him in the courtroom.



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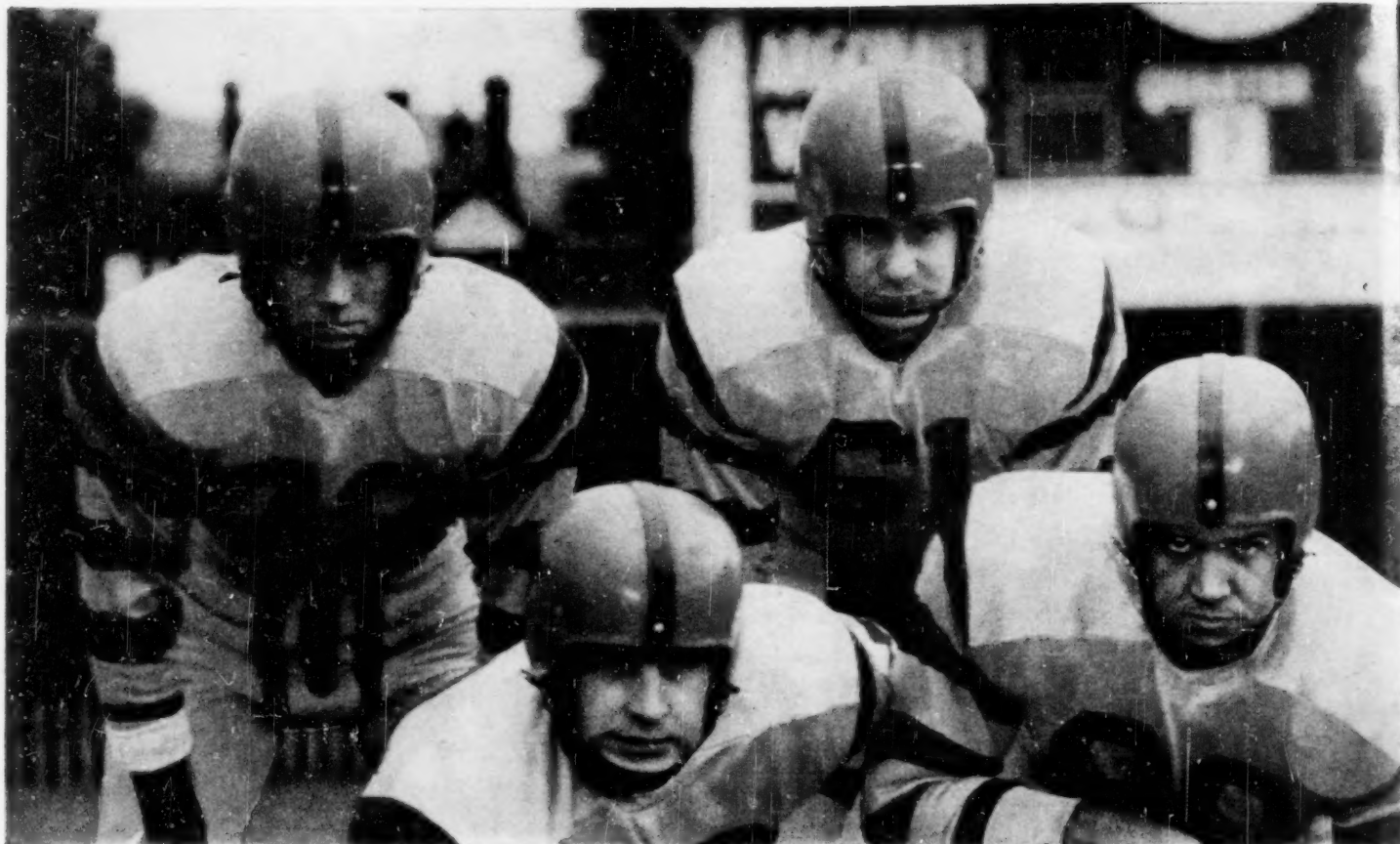
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Rivals have spent record sums this year in an effort to unseat the national champions. Here eight stalwarts line up for the 1951 schedule.

Why They All Hate the Argos

By TRENT FRAYNE

COLOR PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

THIS IS the time of year when it becomes an automatic afterthought, at the mention of the Toronto Argonauts' name, to say they are the luckiest team that ever fumbled a football and recovered it while looking the other way. This is the time of year when gentle ladies dust off the four-letter words their husbands use to change a tire and swap them in unladylike discussions on the Argonauts. A point mentioned all too infrequently in each Argo appraisal is that they also are nearly always good, occasionally great and, over the years, the best football team in the country.

Instead of praising them, though, people who get excited about sports events have used strong language to describe the Argos ever since football suddenly became in 1935 a national autumn crisis. That was the year Fritz Hanson of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers inspired the first western victory in football history and imparted a germ that afflicts the whole country every fall. To that point, except in a few strongholds like Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Sarnia, football was something to fill time between the baseball and hockey seasons, and the Grey Cup final, in which the western champion opposed the eastern champion, was a carnage accepted indifferently by the masses. Today it's a fever in which sane solid successful businessmen supporting teams east and west strive earnestly to go bankrupt by paying large sums of money to skilled football players.

In this wacky exchange the Argonauts are the cynosure of censure mainly because they have won so much that people just naturally love to see them

lose. This doesn't happen very often because Toronto is the largest incubator of home-grown football players in the land; with teams restricted by Canadian Rugby Union rules to the use of seven Americans the natives are quite capable of representing the balance in power. The fact that Argos play in the largest, best-appointed stadium and therefore corral the largest banknotes has never sent the rest of the country into great waves of convulsive sympathy either. There is also the point, probably outdistancing all others, that the Argonauts are the heirs of the nation's hate-Toronto complex.

Even in their own home town the Argonauts are a controversial issue. Last year when they won the Grey Cup for the seventh time since 1933 (which might be regarded as the beginning of the modern or American era) the city fathers revealed even greater-than-ordinary perplexity in deciding whether to regard this as an achievement. City Clerk George Weale, apparently on verbal instructions from Mayor Hiram McCallum (although this point never was definitely established in the ensuing hullabaloo), ordered thirty-five engraved wrist watches as tokens of esteem. When his act became public the rest of the city council popped osselets and hundreds of people sat down to write scathing notes to the gallant clerk, the newspapers and, quite likely, to their mothers-in-law. Their point was that Argonaut players were paid professionals and that the city had no business wasting taxpayers' money to buy them gifts. The price placed on each watch by the shouting councilors was one

hundred dollars but actually the thirty-five of them averaged about forty dollars. Anyway, the front-page frenzy abated when the jeweler from whom they had been ordered announced he'd give the watches to the players himself.

Lucky? Sure they've been lucky. In 1937 and again in 1947 the Argonauts won national championships when a referee's decision nullified touchdowns by the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. In '37 two Bomber ends, Bud Marquardt and Jeff Nicklin, smacked an Argo punt-receiver, Art West, with such a belt that the ball popped from his arms. Skinny Marquardt of Winnipeg grabbed the loose ball, loped seventy-five yards on his stilt-like limbs and then discovered that Eddie Grant, a Winnipegger handling the umpire's duties, had blown a whistle. Grant claimed the ends had not given the receiver the required five yards leeway as he caught the ball. Instead of a touchdown Winnipeg got a no-yards penalty and Argos kept the ball. It was an important decision; the Argos won that game 4 to 3.

In 1947 the Argos were overwhelming favorites to mesmerize Winnipeg for the third successive year as the teams went into another Grey Cup final. But the battling Bombers built up a 9 to 0 lead in the first half and they were struggling to defend it after Joe Krol passed to Royal Copeland for an Argo touchdown in the third period. Then, as the game waned, the westerners appeared to wrap it up when Don Hiney faked a field goal and threw a short pass to Johnny Regan who battled his way into the Argo end zone. But even as the Bombers



At back (left to right): Doug Smylie, Steve Karrys, Rod Smylie, Byron Karrys; front, Harry Daniels, John Kerns, Fred Black and Bud Fowler.

Almost anyone who knows football will tell you that Toronto Argonauts are lucky, stuffy and stingy. What they usually forget to say is that the seven-time Canadian champions are nearly always good and you have to do more than hate them to beat them

were jumping up and down in glee the officials were pacing off a penalty against them. The ruling was that Regan had not crossed the line of scrimmage before catching Hiney's pass and that therefore the play was illegal. Did it matter? It mattered all right; Joe Krol kicked four single points, the last



Coach Frank Clair's two-platoon system and mania for movies paid off for the Argonauts last year.

one on the game's final play, for a 10 to 9 Argo victory.

These weren't isolated instances, either. The Argonauts have done so well over the years with loose balls which take weird bounces and wind up in Argonaut arms that they have injected a new phrase into the language; nowadays, when a team—any team—fumbles the ball and recovers it, that team is said to have been saved by an "Argo bounce." Even in Hamilton and Ottawa, where small children are told by their parents that the Argonauts will get them if they don't behave, this bounce is called the Argo bounce. Naturally nobody blames the Argonauts for being lucky but it's no way to win friends; people don't cheer when a millionaire holds the winning ticket on a draw for an automobile.

Hate 'em? Nobody ever loved to hate the Argos like Reg Threlfall, who had never seen them until he took the Bombers east in 1938. Threlfall, a flamboyant, fast-talking graduate of Purdue University who coached the Winnipeg club from 1938 through 1943, heard so much beat-the-Argos talk when first he took over as coach that gradually he worked up a pretty good hate against them himself. When Toronto newspapermen buttonholed him before the '38 game he had a quote for every edition. Such phrases as "We'll cut 'em off at the knees" and "We'll separate the men from the boys" and "It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel" were Threlfallisms that grew into clichés. The Argos laughed off one or two, but as Threlfall continued to wave his arms they got steamed up too.

After Threlfall had gone out of his way to insult Red Storey, an Argo running back, by questioning his courage on the field canny Lew Hayman, the Argo coach, thrust Storey into the lineup after three quarters had been played in the Grey Cup final and Winnipeg was leading 7-6. He scored three touchdowns and Argonauts won 30-7.

In football politics Argos have often created enemies by forcing their views on other clubs on the threat of withdrawing from competition if their wishes aren't met. Thus for years they successfully opposed the entry of Toronto Balmy Beach into the Eastern Big Four. Joe Ryan, business manager of Montreal Alouettes and formerly of Winnipeg Bombers, points out that Argos refused for years to play Sunday games in Montreal "on moral grounds—yet their executives play golf on Sunday. I claim they opposed Sunday football simply because we wanted it."

The Argos' professed attitude toward the Sabbath corresponds pretty well with the traditional Toronto attitude (though a partially "open" Sunday was supported at the polls last year). And many people hate the Argos for the same reasons they hate Toronto. The team is successful and it is well-to-do. It has also been called stuffy, intolerant, greedy and snobbish.

Ryan recalls a CRU meeting in the late thirties in which he declared that if Winnipeg weren't permitted a nucleus of American imports there was no point in the Blue Bombers going to Toronto for the Grey Cup final. The differences in the standards of play

Continued on page 35

No doctor can say definitely that an illness *must* be fatal but often he recognizes the signs that point to impending death. When he sees these signs

Should a Doctor Tell You If You're Going To Die?

By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

WHEN A DOCTOR finds out that a patient is fatally ill, and believes the patient has only a few months or a year or two to live, should he tell him the truth about his illness, a white lie or nothing at all? This is one of the most difficult problems doctors face.

Fear of death is instinctive. When someone incurably ill asks "Am I going to die?" the most scrupulously honest friend will probably answer "Of course not." The lie is condoned by nearly everybody as the only kind and considerate answer possible. But is it?

There is no universally accepted answer. Medical schools rarely if ever mention it. The Canadian Medical Association's code of ethics, which lays down policy for numerous related problems, says nothing about this problem. Every doctor is left to work out his own answer. And their opinions vary.

Failure to tell a person of impending death often means that needless legal and financial worries are left with survivors. Furthermore, the doctor who tells a white lie and insists that a patient is not dangerously ill, when he knows the patient is near death, is undermining his professional reputation, for the family will probably accuse him of incompetence when death does occur.

On the other hand, the news that a person has entered his final year of life may create a mental break-up, deprive him of his will to live and shorten that life still more. In some cases it has caused depressed patients to commit suicide. It means a long-drawn-out period of grief for members of the family who could be spared that grief, at least until near the end.

I asked a number of doctors and ministers if they thought a fatally ill patient should be told the truth. A few gave an unqualified "No." But most felt there could be no final "Yes" or "No." To tell or not to tell must depend on the circumstances and the patient's personality, they said. Some patients could not be told they were near death, but the majority of patients could—and should—be told.

A few years ago a husky young Toronto man walked into a doctor's office and asked for something to ease his severe headaches. Aspirins had helped at first, he said, but the headaches were becoming more severe and lasted longer. He had noticed too a couple of peculiar mental lapses. Once his vision blurred, then two or three seconds later it was normal.

The doctor recognized that a brain tumor could produce these symptoms. He examined the young man's eyes. There was some evidence of swelling of the optic nerve-head, a condition that often accompanies a brain tumor. Without saying anything to alarm the patient he arranged for an examination by a brain specialist and a hospital appointment for an electro-encephalograph test. The electro-encephalograph, which detects and

records electrical impulses from the brain, showed a definite distortion of brain waves in the right forehead area. The specialist completed his examination, then talked to the patient's doctor.

"It's a tumor and it's too big to touch," he said. "You'd better tell him the headaches will come and go, maybe disappear at times for a week or month, but that it's almost certain to be fatal in from six months to a year and a half."

The doctor had been out of medical school only three years. He had never had the distressing task of telling a patient he was going to die. Except for his periodic headaches the young man was in good spirits, doing well as a real-estate salesman, and he had no suspicion of the critical nature of his case.

"I knew he should be told, but I finally had to admit that I couldn't do it," the doctor related recently. "I kept him provided with drugs that controlled the headaches and I never did tell him his condition was incurable. The next thing I knew he was married and his wife was pregnant and coming to me for prenatal care. They were buying a house and a car. He lived for two years and when he died he left a young widow with a small boy and debts she couldn't possibly take care of. The plight of that young widow was entirely my fault."

But overshadowing all ramifications of this perplexing problem is the inescapable fact that no doctor, regardless of his experience and skill, can say definitely that a specific condition must be fatal. Medical research and discovery are constantly providing new cures. Diseases such as endocarditis (inflammation of the lining of the heart), which ten years ago were regarded as inevitably fatal, are now curable in many cases.

Dr. William J. Clark, a Toronto physician who has been practicing for fifty-three years, told me: "I have seen or heard of hundreds of cases that 'absolutely can't get better,' but just the same they did. There is always that one-in-a-hundred chance that even the most hopeless case will somehow pull through. If you tell that man he's going to die you may rob him of his will to live and deprive him of that last chance he has of getting better."

"You often hear statements such as 'The doctor has given him six months to live,'" said Dr. Arthur D. Kelly, assistant secretary of the Canadian Medical Association. "I doubt if they are often accurate, for a doctor can never safely be as specific as that. What the doctor probably said was something like this: 'Most cases that have reached the acute stage of yours prove fatal in six months or so and I would advise you to prepare your affairs. But occasionally a case like yours progresses slowly and it is possible you might live for several years.'"

Errors in diagnosis, and cures in cases where doctors felt there was no hope, are extremely rare, yet they do occur often enough to make most doctors refrain from an

Continued on page 31



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS YOU

HOW TO SLAY THEM



THE OGRE IN THE STREETCAR

Don't flee his wrath. Tell him to try it again with his teeth in.



ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

When nobody knows what to say, try a sharp quote from Ovid.

FOR A NUMBER of years now I've found that instead of speaking in epigrams as writers are supposed to do, I keep getting into a peculiar tongue-tied conversation with a man in a dark top-coat who just flew in from Regina. I don't know whether this man has any hobbies or any particular interests. In fact I don't know who he is. He is always introduced to me hurriedly just before lunch by an editor who says: "This is Mr. Withers. He just flew in from Regina. I'll be back in a minute," and goes wherever editors go just as you start out to lunch with them. I'm left with Withers in a hallway, or standing beside someone's desk. We both stare at the same spot in the centre of the room. As I haven't been to Regina, and neither of us knows anything about airplanes, we just look at one another, then look back at the same spot.

At last I say: "Did you bring this rain with you?" Withers laughs, wipes the tears from his eyes, shakes his head, and goes back to tapping his knee with his briefcase.

A minute or so later he shakes his head and says: "It certainly is raining. Two inches, I'd say. Or one and a half. One newspaper said one and a half. The other said two."

"Probably about one and three-quarters," I say. "Still, we can use it."

"Yes," says Withers. "It was pretty dry—before it got so wet."

"Well, we can't do much about it anyway," I say. We both burst out laughing, and glance around to see if there's any sign of the editor.

If it isn't Withers I have this conversation with it's with seven strangers in a small crowded living room where someone has left me while he writes out a receipt for a lawn mower he had advertised in the evening paper. There is a second uncle, the woman from the house next door and her sister and an old friend from Toledo, and a six-foot youth who just keeps looking at me and sneering, and a half-brother who is going back to Montreal tomorrow, and somebody's grandmother. We all sit there with the identical smile on our faces, looking at the same spot in the living-room floor. I try to think of something to say, but the only thing that occurs to me is an article I just read about sexual perversion among the Fiji Islanders. Nobody else seems to be trying.

I say, "Nice weather we're having."

Everybody shouts, "Yes, isn't it," in unison and smiles politely at the chandelier. About this time a dog walks into the room and everybody starts to pat it at once. There are so many of us that half of us are patting one another's hands.

I've made several tries at learning how to cope with these profound silences, including reading a book I saw on sale one day on the art of conversation, but for the most part the book dealt with conversations carried on with people like grand dukes, about whether that affair had been patched up with the countess, while sipping five-hundred-year-old brandy. I could handle this type of conversation easily enough if I knew a countess and the brandy held out. But the kind of conversation

I'd like to be able to handle is the kind you encounter from day to day with ordinary people. For instance, I vaguely know a proofreader with horn-rimmed glasses whom I've been meeting on and off for five years in halls, washrooms and on stairways; we both say something like: "Ho, Mister h-m-m-m," "How's everything?" and "Fine." There should be something I can say to this man, but I haven't thought of it yet.

And I'm always getting into the most idiotic conversations with some casual acquaintance on the street, ten minutes before the banks start marking my cheques NSF, when I'm carrying three pairs of children's slippers and trying to remember whether my wife wanted me to exchange them for the same size in pink or the same color in a size smaller. On these occasions I try to go on thinking of the bank and the slippers, and to talk at the same time.

"I say, How are you?"

"Okay."

"Still at the same place?"

"Sure. Thirty-five years now. I get six weeks holidays and a watch next year."

"Nice going. Have a good time?"

"How do you mean?"

"On your holidays."

"Next year I get them. Haven't had them this year yet."

"Nice going," I say, circling him. "Welp—" I edge along, "How's your wife?"

"Milly? She passed away."

WITH SMALL TALK

DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN MacPHERSON



THE GUY YOU THINK YOU KNOW

Don't ask "How's the wife?" unless you know she's still alive.



WHEN ASKING FOR A LOAN

For Pete's sake don't just sit there fiddling—SAY SOMETHING!

"Did she?" I say, walking backward. "I'm certainly glad to hear that. How is she?"

"She's dead."

"I thought you said she'd passed away." I back into a guy with hair sticking out of his T-shirt. "That's what I meant."

"Well," I say. "We all have to die sometime."

This half-conscious, hair-brained type of conversation is the kind I find myself in sometimes when I don't really want to have a conversation at all, but just want to renew my contact with the human race after I've been at my desk too long. I'll go over to watch a neighbor building a cottage.

"Getting along pretty well, eh?" I say.

"Not bad." The neighbor stops and stands there swinging his hammer and looking at the roof. "The only thing, I was just wondering whether I should take that strip of sheeting off over the breakfast-nook window and build up the stripper underneath to two and three-quarter inches or leave the eave the way it is and just brace it with a ferrule bracket."

"Well, you're certainly getting along fine," I say.

"But if I do that I'll have to mortise the transom cribbing."

He watches me sharply and I realize that he actually wants an answer. I say, studying the roof, "I don't think it matters much one way or another."

"What do you mean?" He looks at me sideways as if he just smelled something burning.

"Well, I mean you can either take the sheeting off and—uh—follow your original plan, or just go ahead with the ferrule bracket."

"What am I going to do with the bracket over the sheeting?" he asks a bit testily.

"I'm sure it will all work out all right," I say. "Everything always does."

I edge away while the guy watches me as if he's thinking, "—knew writers were impractical; I didn't know they were complete morons."

I find that in some cases what I need is not so much a technique of handling a conversation but some way of not starting conversations at all. A few weeks ago a farmer near our cottage told me to drop in to his farm any time I wanted eggs. When I did, a woman answered the door. I put on my best manners and said, "You're Mr. Wyatt's mother, I suppose."

She said, coolly, "I'm Mr. Wyatt's wife."

"His wife?" I squeaked, then shook my head in elaborate amazement. "Well, he certainly is the youngest-looking man I've ever seen. But I've noticed the country air always makes people seem younger. Husbands, that is."

She was looking as if she'd like to turn me under with last year's turnips, but I couldn't seem to stop. "Of course, I knew you were a young-looking woman for a mother."

"But I'm not his mother."

"Oh, I know. What I mean is if you were a mother you'd look younger than my mother, for instance. Of course she's worked hard all her life."

"Well, I don't know; I think most farmers work as hard as anyone else."

"Oh yes, most farmers. But I thought your farm looked as if nobody had to work very hard on it."

"How many eggs was it?" the woman said, backing away from the door.

I also frequently get into a conversational mess at 1.30 in the morning after I've eaten and drunk myself into an uncomfortable, yawning pulp, tightly bound in brown sharkskin and suspenders. Instead of going home I carelessly drop some old dull dog-eared thought of mine, such as: "No government has ever survived that hasn't constitutionally provided for the average man's personal frame of values," and sink back into a coma.

But some wide-awake extrovert pounces on it and says, "What do you mean?"

I start to figure out just what I do mean, and wish this wise guy wouldn't crowd me.

"Well, a perfect illustration of it is in our attitude toward Scandinavia."

"I thought our foreign policy there was pretty sound. Just what's wrong with it?"

I realize that I haven't a clue what our foreign policy is—the last time I came out with this remark was back in 1932. In fact, right at the moment I'd have a tough time remembering what our national anthem is.

I yawn and grope blindly for an olive. "It's too high-handed," I say. "But I'd better get along. My car is hard to start when there's a heavy dew."

I don't always have to be *Continued on page 28*

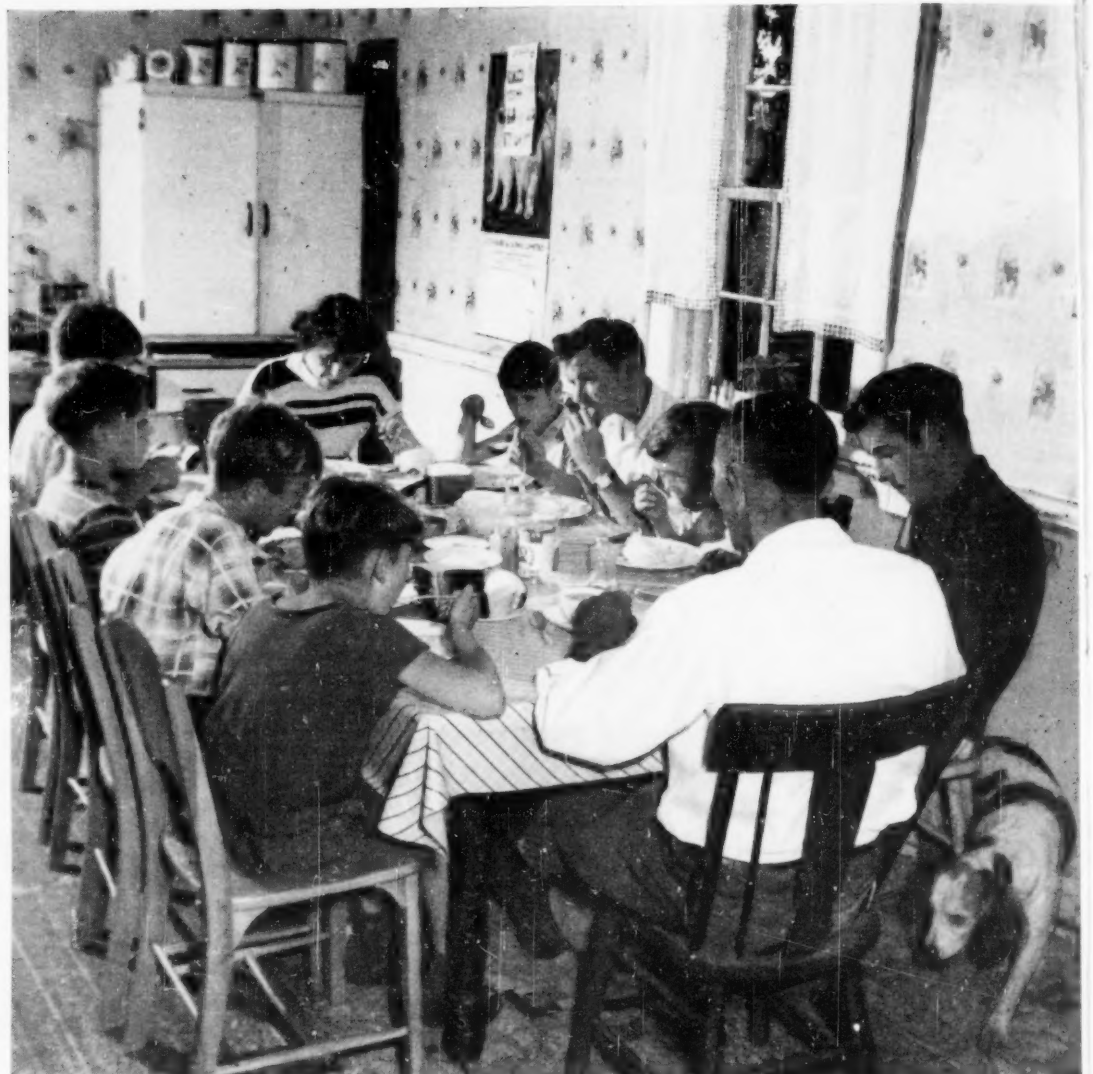


MAY NICHOLLS AND HER BORROWED BROOD

Five boys of her own
weren't enough
for this energetic farm-wife
so she took
four more homeless children
under her wing.
Now she happily does
a two-day wash every week
and her biggest reward
is nine good-night kisses

By **SIDNEY KATZ**

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL AND PETER CROYDON



Ten healthy male appetites make food the big item in the Nicholls' budget. The family uses seven loaves of bread, two pounds of butter a day. Wally, the oldest, is missing at this meal.

HERE ARE THE FOUR BOYS MAY NICHOLLS TOOK INTO HER ALREADY LARGE FAMILY



JACKIE: he gave up his doll.



JOHNNY: he got a new knife.



ARTHUR: he's no problem now.



FRED: a fight won him friends.



May's pies are a family pride; on every birthday there's a cake.



The boys help with chores on the farm and each has his own pet.

FOR MRS. MAY NICHOLLS, a trim brown-haired housewife of thirty-nine on a farm near Bolton, Ont., the complexities of domestic life have assumed staggering proportions. Each week she has to budget for one hundred pounds of potatoes and fifty loaves of bread. Her washdays are mammoth sessions twice a week, starting at eight in the morning and running on until three in the afternoon, for she has to scrub and wring out thirty pairs of socks and sixty pairs of shorts. Saturday bath night at the Nicholls' home is a marathon operation which starts at 7.30 and splashes on for three solid hours.

None of this bothers or flusters Mrs. Nicholls, who cannot be said to be an average Canadian mother. The average Canadian mother has 2.8 children. Mrs. Nicholls not only has five strapping boys of her own between the ages of ten and eighteen, but she also has four other boys, "borrowed children" under the foster parent plan, from six-year-old Jackie to sixteen-year-old Fred.

This lively brood consumes eight dozen eggs and sixteen pounds of butter a week, not to mention the five pounds of brown sugar they sprinkle on their morning oatmeal. Yet in the end it is probable that Mrs. Nicholls will have to give back some of the boys she has nurtured for so many years. A fifth foster child who was part of her household for two years has already been reunited with his parents. Mrs. Nicholls believes that this is a good thing, but it does not alleviate her sense of loss. "It was as painful as losing my right arm," she says. For her foster children are as much a part of her as her own sons.

There are about fifteen thousand of these foster children in Canada. They are children who for various reasons—death, illness, divorce, or incompetency—have been deprived, often only temporarily, of their own parents. In such cases the local Children's Aid Society becomes legal guardian until a child's own family can take him back. Wherever possible they place him in a selected foster home such as the Nicholls'. The Society forms a partnership with the foster parents and provides (taking Ontario as an example) a cash allowance of approximately a dollar a day per child, clothing, medical and dental care, as well as the services of a trained social worker who keeps in touch with the child and foster home. As for the foster parents, they are asked to provide a healthy and secure environment for the child.

The Nicholls and their nine boys act as a family unit. The parents are "Mom" and "Dad" to all alike. Mrs. Nicholls' brother and his wife in Hamilton are "Uncle Tom" and "Aunt Lil." Mrs. Nicholls' parents are "Grandpa" and "Grandma." They send all the boys presents at Christmas. "It's awfully nice for kids who are all alone in the world to suddenly acquire a family complete with uncles, aunts, cousins and grandparents," says Mrs. Nicholls.

This impartiality is so pronounced that Arthur, a nine-year-old foster child, lived with the Nicholls for several weeks believing that all nine were foster children. Recently a school trustee demanded the foster children be removed from school because one was involved in a prank. Mrs. Nicholls flatly refused. "If the school is too good for my foster kids it's certainly too good for mine too," she said, and won her point.

Privileges in the Nicholls' household, a hundred-year-old farmhouse on fifty acres of land, are based on the child's age rather than his family origin. Thus, depending on his age, Mrs. Nicholls gives a Christmas-shopping allowance ranging from \$3.50 to \$5.00. At mealtime the boys sit at either side of the long kitchen table in the order of their birth. The same goes for the seating arrangement in Red

Rocket, the Nicholls' 1936 red Ford truck. There is a standard birthday celebration for all—a cake with candles and a small gift. "You've got to consider the kids' feelings," says Mrs. Nicholls. "Some of them have parents who don't even remember birthdays."

To be a good substitute mother you must possess a real love of children. Mrs. Nicholls has this in good measure. Recently when she was ill and hospitalized a relative told her, "You're overworked. Get rid of those four extra children and spend your time doing the things you really want to do."

"But I *am* doing exactly what I want to do," May Nicholls protested.

It dates back to her childhood. As a toddler she had twice as many dolls as any girl in the block. When she

Continued on page 29

Bill Nicholls is "Dad" to his foster sons too. He works in Toronto as well as running his farm.





Yessir, started when I was six.

I've won My War against the Weed



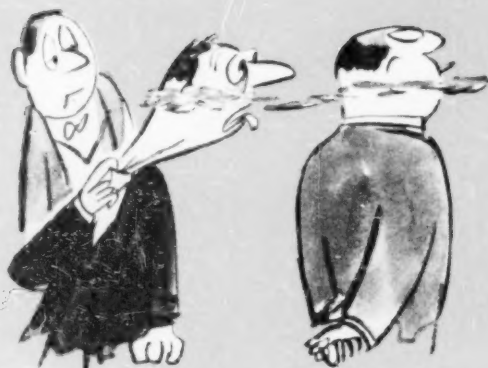
I've given up buying them, but thanks.



We decided one of us should give them up.



I'm going to taper off, starting tomorrow.



Oh, I can take 'em or leave 'em alone.



Yes, my dear, I'm taking the candy cure. Works, too.

Here's a man who definitely quit smoking three times—then stopped altogether. Now all he's got to do is break his vice for the peppermints he sucks instead

By CARROLL COBURN

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY

YOU can stop smoking by a simple exercise of will power. I know. To borrow a famous Mark Twain gag, I've done it myself—four times. And each time was positively the last.

The first time didn't require a great deal of will power—only enough to keep from jumping into a canoe and paddling fifteen miles through a northern Ontario wilderness.

I was working around a hunting camp on the shore of James Bay and for four days I was left alone in the camp. On the second day I ran out of tobacco, and decided to stop smoking. It was really much easier than I had expected for I had been led to believe that one suddenly deprived of tobacco was condemned to all the tortures of the damned.

Not at all. After three hours ransacking the camp to make sure I hadn't misplaced a package I simply dismissed tobacco from my mind. In fact, by the second smokeless day I had just about decided to give it up for good.

My resolution lasted for about fifteen minutes after a boatload of supplies arrived. Then I was suddenly struck with a craving for tobacco that would have put to shame the discomforts of a drug addict. My throat grew dry, my hands twitched and my eyes seemed about to pop. There and then I resolved never to give up smoking again.

I kept that resolution faithfully for eleven years. I don't count one small lapse in the summer of 1945 when I gave up smoking for nearly three hours and might have persevered with it except that I was obviously going to have a nervous breakdown if I did.

By the fall of 1947 I was smoking thirty or forty cigarettes a day and beginning to fear the habit might get a hold on me. My fingers, already stained a permanent yellow, were now turning dark brown. I was having a little trouble with a morning cough that sometimes caused my upper plate to pop out. So I stopped smoking a second time.

Actually it wasn't quite that simple. I was driving from Winnipeg to Toronto when I developed a heavy pain in the mid-west. The next thing I knew I was in a Minneapolis hospital surviving a ruptured appendix. The doctors had me nested in an array of tubes that resembled the plumbing of a Turkish bath. I couldn't have smoked if I'd wanted to. And for the first four or five days I didn't want to.

When I did get around to asking the doctor when I might start smoking again I found I was in the hands of a fanatic. Every time I suggested how good a cigarette would taste I got a lecture on the evils of nicotine. The doctor reminisced gloomily on patients who had smoked after an operation, started coughing and ripped out three feet of stitching. He showed me pictures of smokers' lungs filled with tar and said how many years longer they would have lived if they hadn't smoked. He said there was enough nicotine in one package of cigarettes to kill five horses, which may explain why you never see a horse smoking these days.

By the time I was out of hospital the doctor had convinced me. After all, I had reached a point where the habit was more a burden than a pleasure. There had been plenty of times I had wished I could stop smoking. Now it was two weeks since my last cigarette. I had miraculously lost the craving and it seemed silly to revive it.

It wasn't always quite that easy. There were times, especially after a meal, or when I was with other smokers, when I felt that just one cigarette would taste pretty good. But I resisted. I had a suspicion that even one might revive the old feeling that I just had to smoke.

In the next few months I began to feel like a new man. The cough disappeared, I slept better, meals seemed to have twice the flavor and I put on twenty pounds. Every day I thanked my lucky stars for the jolt that had enabled me to break the habit. I no longer felt the slightest need for tobacco. That was why I started smoking again.

It happened one evening at a party. Someone offered me a cigarette and I wondered whether the habit had any hold on me still. I smoked one. I neither enjoyed it nor disliked it. It didn't seem to have any effect at all. Certainly I felt no craving for more. At last I had tobacco licked, and to prove it I began smoking once a day—one cigarette in the evening after dinner.

Soon it became two cigarettes—after lunch as well as supper. Then, when I sat in a conference and the room

Continued on page 34



SUPER

From any angle...



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Macleans MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

THE BROWNING VERSION: A superb drama from Britain, compensating for some recent depressing exports, Terence Rattigan's fine play about a tragically misunderstood schoolteacher has been turned into a powerful movie. Michael Redgrave's portrayal of the leading character is something to cherish.

EXCUSE MY DUST: A musical farce in which an 1895 inventor of horseless carriages (Red Skelton) blunders into troubles romantic and automotive. Skelton is quite likable, and there's an amusing cross-country race in the finale, but much of the goings-on are in low gear.

THE GUY WHO CAME BACK: A good Hollywood cast is wasted—except for a couple of adroit satirical touches—in a bumbling yarn about a former All-American football star (Paul Douglas) and the comeback he attempts in middle age. Joan Bennett and Linda Darnell help to shape his destiny.

HIGH LONESOME: A corny western, starring nineteen-year-old John Barrymore, Jr., as a fugitive from injustice. Good horse operas are popular in all seasons but this one isn't in that category.

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE FBI: A melodrama based on the real case of Matt Cvetlic, who endured the scorn and hatred of his own family for nine years while ostensibly working hand-in-glove with the Kremlin. The real villains are too easy to identify and much of the dialogue is on a comic-strip level.

NANOOK OF THE NORTH: Another reminder is in order regarding this engrossing Eskimo documentary, filmed in northern Canada twenty years ago and now re-edited. A classic of the screen.

THE PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF: Handsome young Tony Curtis is causing many a teen-aged girl to scream over his work in this Arabian Nights-type escapism. Older customers have fewer reasons to be ecstatic.

SANTA FE: A good western with the usual ingredients, plus a number of unexpected "twists." Example: when pioneer railroader Randolph Scott throws a gambler off the premises, his weapons are a wheelbarrow and a wet ditch, not an uppercut or a six-gun.

SIROCCO: Humphrey Bogart as a cynical American hero-heel among warring French and Syrians in the Damascus of 1925. Lee J. Cobb, as a well-meaning intelligence officer, and Martha Toren, as an adventuress, help to round out an uneven drama which resembles Casablanca—the way a hamburger resembles filet mignon.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN: Suspense-master Alfred Hitchcock's best thriller in years. It's about a sinister mama's-boy (Robert Walker) who involves a love-troubled tennis champion (Farley Granger) in a fantastic murder. Brisk, funny and exciting.

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE: A grave and lovely masterpiece from France, produced several years ago but still new in many parts of Canada. It has to do with a middle-aged clergyman's disastrous love for a beautiful blind girl.

THAT'S MY BOY: A campus comedy about a muscular old grad (Eddie Mayehoff), his weakling son (Jerry Lewis), and the college hero (Dean Martin). The jocosity is a bit self-conscious, but the yarn has its share of funny moments.

GILMOUR RATES

Ace in the Hole: Satiric drama. Tops.
Air Cadet: Jet drama. Fair.
The Adventurers: Melodrama. Poor.
Along the Great Divide: Western. Poor.
Appointment With Danger: Crime. Good.
As Young as You Feel: Comedy. Fair.
Bedtime for Bonzo: Comedy. Fair.
Born Yesterday: Comedy. Excellent.
Brave Bulls: Matador drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.
Bullfighter & the Lady: Drama. Fair.
Clouded Yellow: Suspense. Good.
Cry Danger: Crime drama. Fair.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Drama. Fair.
Dancing Years: Musical. Fair.
The Enforcer: Crime drama. Good.
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.
Flying Missile: Submarine drama. Fair.
Fourteen Hours: Suspense. Excellent.
Follow the Sun: Galt drama. Good.
Go for Broke!: War. Excellent.
Goodbye, My Fancy: Drama. Fair.
Great Caruso: Musical. Good.
Half Angel: Light whimsy. Poor.
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.
Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good.
Hollywood Story: Whodunit. Fair.
House on Telegraph Hill: Drama. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.
King Solomon's Mines: Safari. Tops.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Lemon Drop Kid: Bob Hope farce. Fair.
Lorna Doone: Swashbuckler. Fair.

M: Neurotic murder tale. Fair.
Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.
The Magnet: British comedy. Good.
Man from Planet X: Science. Fair.
Mating Season: Comedy. Good.
Movie Crazy: (re-issue): Comedy. Good.
The Mudlark: Comedy-drama. Good.
Of Men & Music: Film concert. Good.
Only the Valiant: Western. Good.
Payment on Demand: Drama. Fair.
Pier 23: 2 melodramas. Poor.
Pool of London: Crime drama. Fair.
Prince of Peace: Passion play. Poor.
Rawhide: Suspense western. Good.
Reckless Moment: Blackmail drama. Fair.
Royal Wedding: Astaire musical. Good.
The Scarf: Melodrama. Poor.
7 Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Soldiers 3: Military comedy. Fair.
Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good.
Take Care of My Little Girl: College drama. Fair.
The Thing: Space monster. Good.
13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.
Tomahawk: Redskin western. Fair.
Up Front: War comedy. Fair.
Up in Arms: (re-issue): Danny Kaye musical comedy. Excellent.
Valentina: Romantic biography. Poor.
Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.
The Way Ahead: (re-issue): War. Good.
You're in the Navy Now: Comedy. Good.

IN THE

Editors'

CONFIDENCE

MANAGING Editor John Clare has just come back from a two-month safari with notebook and camera through darkest U. S. A., swearing that he will never again ride a bus. For most of his umpteen-mile tour from Chicago to Seattle to Hollywood to Texas to the Oz-



John Clare

arks to Missouri, Washington, New York, Boston and way-points, that was his chosen mode of travel. He saw a lot of the country and, indeed, brought some of it back, ground into his very pores.

Clare advises students of the American way of life to start with the man who makes the announcements in the bus depots. He never did find out what the man was saying but he evolved an interesting little game which brought him into contact with some interesting people and some uninteresting waiting rooms.

As soon as the departure (or something) is announced all the bus depot employees hide and then the game begins. The way Clare played it he walked past each gate, stopping at each queue to ask one of the passengers in the line, "You off for Vicksburg, too?" or "Great day to be traveling to Birmingham. Sure 'nuff, great day to be,



Duncan MacPherson
(a self portrait)

etc." Or, in the event that he was going to Bluefield, W. Va., he might ask, "Say, where's a good place to put up in Bluefield, W. Va.?"

Of course, you can play the game by coming right out and asking if this is where you catch the bus to wherever you're going but Clare claims this is cheating. He scores five points for hitting the right lineup the first try, four for the second and so on down until you get no points and have to sit on one of those benches and wait for the next bus.

Clare traveled so far and so fast he didn't even have time to buy a burnt leather cushion with an Indian head and the charred legend, "Come back to Pocahontas" or a bamboo back-

scratcher from San Francisco's Chinatown. But he did bring back news of a five-cent cup of coffee at Brown's drugstore in Independence, Mo., the home town of you know who; and a penciled definition of a southern gentleman, given to him by a northern gentleman, which reads: "A man who hasn't kissed his wife for twenty years and would shoot like a dog any man who tried to."

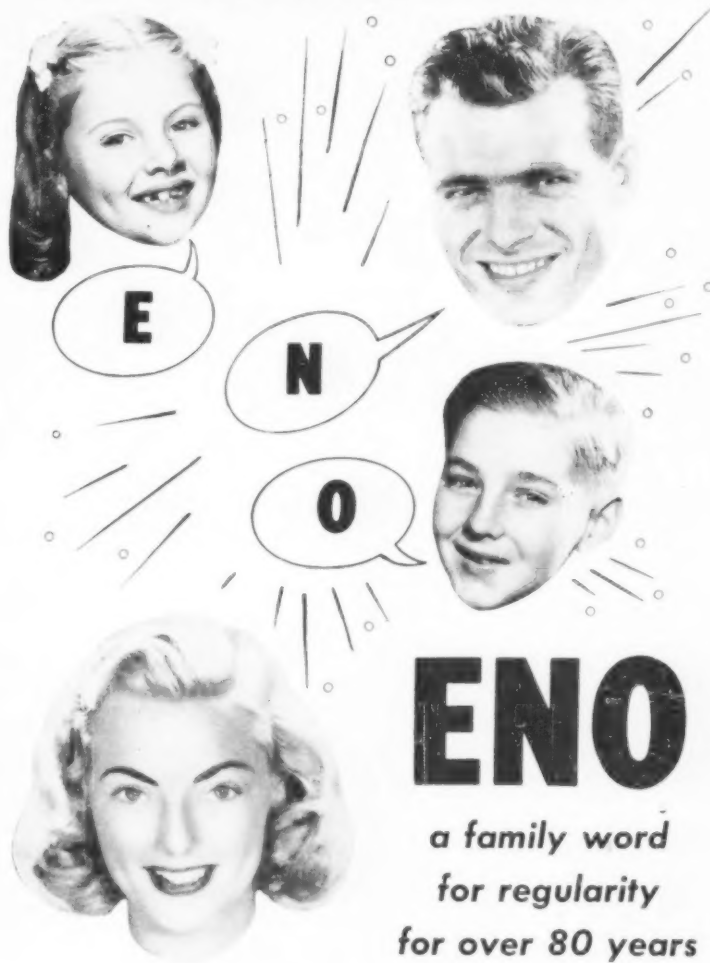
• **SHORT TAKES:** Photographer **Peter Croydon** (see pages 22 and 23), who's English born, is off on a trip to Europe with wife **Lilka**, who's Polish. They met each other in postwar Canada . . . That color shot of the Argos on pages 16 and 17 cost **Ken Bell** a new coat. He took the shot during the worst thunderstorm of the year. The team spent half the time rushing in and out of shelter as the clouds opened, Bell with them. He ripped a sleeve off vaulting a fence on one of these sprints. The Argos, who are used to rain and mud, especially since last year's Grey Cup final, look unruffled in the resulting photo . . . **Carroll Coburn**, who tells how he quit smoking (page 14), is secretary to E. B. Jolliffe, leader of the Parliamentary Opposition in Ontario. We checked just before going to press to make sure Coburn hadn't reneged. He hadn't. . . **Duncan MacPherson**, whose drawings enliven **Robert Thomas Allen's** humor (pages 20 and 21), has just graduated from the Ontario College of Art. But actually he's been doing professional work since his discharge from the RCAF at war's end.

THE COVER



BILL Winter's painting bears a curious resemblance to Belmont Lake, near Peterborough, Ont., which isn't surprising as Winter and family summer there each hot season. Just about now they'll be packing up to go back to the city even as the people in the picture are doing.

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YARDLEY ENGLISH LAVENDER



Lavender Toilet Soap
50c a tablet, Box
of 3 tablets \$1.50

How to Slay Them With Small Talk

Continued from page 21

be half asleep to say the wrong thing. I remember one time at a dinner party I started talking to a vivacious brunette about how delicious the celery was.

"Wonderful," the girl said.

"Would you care for some more?"

I asked, feeling pretty suave.

"Yes, thank you. I wonder how they grow it so tender."

Thinking of an uncle of mine who used to grow the best celery in the block, I said in a clear confident voice, just as everyone else at the table stopped talking, "It's simply a matter of covering it up with plenty of horse manure."

The woman put down the celery and turned to a bearded gentleman on her other hand. The rest of the evening I spent out on the hostess' veranda exchanging grunting sounds with a carpenter who was repairing the steps.

One thing I continually have trouble with is thinking up polished bits of repartee when I need them, like when a streetcar motorman slams on the brakes, sends sand flying all over the tracks and says, "I CALLED OUT YOUR STREET FIVE TIMES."

I've always been able to think up an answer to this guy just before I go to bed, when I'm wandering around the kitchen in my pyjama tops eating bread and peanut butter. In fact this is the time when I've come out with some of the most annihilating remarks known to man. In this particular case I always say, "Why don't you try it with your teeth in, my good man."

But actually I never have a chance to use this, as the next time the motorman says: "I DIDN'T SAY THIS CAR TURNED ALONG BLOOR STREET," and to tell him to try it with his teeth in just doesn't make sense. I find myself standing under a sign that says where the car is going, shrieking in an unnatural voice that he should put a sign up somewhere, trying to get out the wrong way, and kicking some old woman's basket of flowers out of her hands.

Just recently, however, I've prepared a couple of stock comebacks that fit any situation. For instance, I just bend down and talk to the motorman in a low voice about how much do children under four feet have to pay on Sunday, then straighten up and yell: "OH, SO YOU THINK PEOPLE WHO RIDE IN STREETCARS SHOULDN'T HAVE A VOTE?"

Another type I work this on is the man who uses a discussion like a sledge hammer and, no matter if we're talking about petunias, sounds as if he's just about to pin a murder rap on me. He does it by backing me into a corner and forcing me to answer questions.

He'll say: "You wouldn't plant a petunia in the snow, would you?"

"Why—no—but" (All I said was, "Will petunias grow anywhere?")

"Okay then," he glares at me. "Well, I'm telling you that petunias will only grow if they have sun and water." He pokes me on the chest. "Am I right or wrong?"

"Well, I guess you're right, but—"

"You guess I'm right," he snarls. "Do you admit that you can't expect flowers to live if you spray them with nitric acid?"

"Sure, but—"

The treatment I've doped out for this guy is to wait till his wife is nearby, then say, "Well, it's all in the way you look at it, BUT IN MY OPINION YOUR WIFE WORKS JUST AS HARD AS YOU DO."

One type I haven't been able to

figure out yet though is the one who can survive in silence indefinitely, raising his eyebrows in it, tapping his knees with his gloves in it, or slowly rotating a gold-headed cane in it. Bank managers use this on me when I go in for a loan, knowing instinctively that I'll do practically everything if they wait long enough, including going away.

One time I decided that when he asked how much I made in a year, instead of saying "Urgh—seven—fifty-five—lessee, sixty-five—was it?" while he sat there playing with an ivory paper knife, I'd fill the silence with clear-cut facts and figures. I put the information in a black folder I carry around with me, took a seat near the open window for plenty of light, and when the question came I snapped "YESSIR! ONE MOMENT, PLEASE."

I whipped open my folder and just then a gust of wind blew everything in it all over the manager's office. There were little sketches of Indian teepees, a half-finished manuscript, an overdue notice from a loan company, the music

PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT!

I love conversation.

I'm fond of the art of it.

The great fascination,

Of course, is my part of it!

—S. Omar Barker

for the first ten bars of I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, a cartoon and a dirty photograph a printer had given me and which I didn't know what to do with.

The next moment I was down on my hands and knees under his desk, giving timid little tugs to his pant leg, asking him if he'd mind raising his foot, crawling around the room knocking my head against chairs and losing my glasses. As far as I can remember the only things I said from then on were "Oops!" "Aha!" "I got them!" "Goldarn it!" and "Jes' a sec."

But apart from a few gimmicks I've worked out for my own preservation the art of conversation seems as far as I'm concerned to be pretty well lost for good. In fact I've found that to start monkeying with an over-conscious use of words sometimes leads me into speech difficulties that would have worried my parents back in the days when I was asking for more Pabulum. I start off in a clear, commanding voice: "As a matter of fact I think it's largely a matter of—" and find that I've been listening so closely to my own voice that I've forgotten what I was going to say. I try to ad lib the rest of the statement and usually end up still doing it fifteen minutes later when people begin to wander into the hall, pick up their coats and murmur it was a lovely evening.

The only thing I got out of my book on the art of speech was a thing the writer called a "donkey exercise" for loosening the jaw muscles, which is done by intoning "ee,aw; ee,aw; ee,aw," several times. I still fascinate myself by doing this in the bathroom mirror, and occasionally it comes in handy for limbering up my face after a rough shave. But as far as I can see it has nothing to do with the art of conversation and will never do me much good unless I can find someone who doesn't mind standing there while I make sounds like a donkey, which is pretty much what I often find myself doing anyway. ★

May Nicholls and Her Borrowed Brood

Continued from page 23

was seven a neighbor jokingly offered her one of her five-month-old twins. When she found the offer wasn't serious she cried for an entire afternoon. She would often pester her mother, who already had four children, to "get a small baby." In her teens she went into domestic service with a family with six children. Within a few months she was placed in complete charge of the youngsters while her mistress went out of town.

In 1931 she married Bill Nicholls, who had lost his father when he was ten. Bill felt he'd been robbed of a normal family life and determined to have a large family of his own. During the next twenty years the Nicholls concentrated on raising their own five boys. There were Walter, Ernie, Billie, Gordon and Tommy. By 1948 all were in school and Mrs. Nicholls felt lost without a child around. She thought it would be nice to have a little girl, so she applied to the foster-care department of the Toronto Children's Aid Society.

The demand for girls is often too great to be met, so Mrs. Nicholls consented to take a boy. He was four and his name was David. His father was temporarily forced to break up his family when the mother was sent to hospital with a chronic illness. Mrs. Nicholls soon felt that it was cruel not to have a playmate for David, so she got Jackie, another four-year-old. Next came Fred, fourteen, a close school friend of her son Ernie. Fred was in another foster home, but Ernie begged his mother to let him come and live with them and she consented. Johnny, ten, the next child, came "just for a few days" because the Children's Aid was anxious to empty its shelter during a 'flu epidemic. That was more than a year ago and he's still there. The last to arrive was nine-year-old "Little King" Arthur, a problem child constantly in trouble. The Children's Aid was at its wits' end about him when one worker suggested, "Perhaps Mrs. Nicholls has a corner in her house she's not using." Arthur fitted into the life of the family with astonishing ease.

Many applicants for foster children are refused because they want children for the wrong reasons. One woman desperately wanted a child to bolster an ailing marriage. Another wanted to sneak a child into her home without her husband's knowledge. She was turned down because it was felt the child wouldn't have the love of two parents living harmoniously together. Some applicants are looking for cheap labor, others want a youngster they can make over into a replica of a dead child. A few believe (falsely) that there is handsome profit in boarding children. All of these are weeded out.

The social worker from the Children's Aid Society sent out to evaluate the Nicholls' home gave it a high rating. It was not a wealthy home, but the atmosphere was warm and easy-going. Mrs. Nicholls was young-looking, patient, understanding and energetic. Her husband Bill was a wiry man of forty-two, good-natured, interested in his family, and always putting about the farm. He worked in Toronto as a molder, earning fifty-eight dollars a week, and commuting daily. The five Nicholls children were lively and uninhibited. There was ample scope for swimming, fishing, hunting, berry-picking.

The first foster child, four-year-old David, arrived in 1948 just after his mother was sent to a mental institu-

tion. He was a timid boy who wore glasses and was frightened by the strangeness of the country. He would come rushing in alarm to Mrs. Nicholls in the kitchen, shouting, "I've seen a bee!"

Gradually he made friends with puppies and kittens. Because he handled them as though they were made of glass they soon adopted him as their favorite. As he grew more talkative it soon became apparent that David had a fine sense of humor and a lively imagination. He made up fascinating stories about animals in the woods. "He's got a small body but God gave him a large brain," said Mr. Nicholls. With growing confidence he would rush up to Mrs. Nicholls and ask, "Please, Mom, can I take off my glasses and wrestle?" His fear of bugs and animals dissolved.

At one point his mother's health improved and he went home. But after two months it became obvious the improvement was only temporary and David came back to the farm. "Gee, I'm glad to be back," he sobbed, clinging to Mrs. Nicholls. He was to stay for two years, after which his father got a comfortable home for his children and brought them together.

Four-year-old Jackie, a pixy-like boy with black hair and eyes, arrived a few months after David, clinging to a worn headless rubber Mickey Mouse doll. Mrs. Nicholls' friends wondered why she would take him. "All they could see was the devil in him," she says. "They couldn't recognize a little boy starving for affection who, through fear and suspicion, wouldn't allow anybody near him." He was desperately afraid of people. One word of criticism and he would drag himself along the ground, screaming and begging not to be punished. He wouldn't let anyone hold him, wash him, cut his nails or remove a sliver.

She made no effort to force affection on Jackie but simply assured him that she and Bill loved him. At night she would often get up to tuck him in and comfort him. Sometimes he would awaken and drowsily ask, "Will no one come and get me in the dark?" She could chart Jackie's progress by observing his relationship with his headless doll. At first he frantically clutched it night and day. As he became interested in the household his affection for it became less intense. He liked to follow Mr. Nicholls around as he did his chores. One day when Mr. Nicholls was cutting the boys' hair Jackie asked if he could be a barber too. Mr. Nicholls let him handle the shears and later Jackie allowed them to be used on his head. He then let Mrs. Nicholls give him a sponge bath. Later he got into the tub with a few inches of water; the few inches grew to a full tub. He grew into the habit of sheepishly crawling on Mrs. Nicholls' knee and telling her his "secrets." The most significant came six months after his arrival: he thought his Mickey Mouse doll was too old and too tired to be used any more and he wanted Mom to throw it out. "I think that was the moment Jackie first really felt he had a secure place in our family," says Mrs. Nicholls.

Fred, a school friend of Ernie Nicholls, was fourteen when he became Mrs. Nicholls' foster child. For some weeks she noted that Ernie's appetite had shown a remarkable improvement. Instead of the usual four sandwiches for his noon lunch he kept asking for more, until he was taking eight each day. Later she discovered the extras were being given to Fred, who claimed he wasn't getting enough to eat from the foster parents who were caring for him. Fred came to live with the Nicholls.

He had a reputation for running

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away from home. One of the first things Bill Nicholls did after Fred's arrival was to tell him that if he ever did want to run away he should come to Mr. Nicholls and tell him so. "There's no point doing it the hard way," he said. "Tell me where you want to go and I'll drive you there. We won't be insulted and we won't ask questions." That was a year and a half ago and Fred hasn't yet tried to run away.

With no real experience in family living Fred found it hard at first to fit into the Nicholls' home. He was unaccustomed to calling anyone "Mother." At first he called Mrs. Nicholls simply "Hey you!" Later, unaccountably, this was replaced by "Dinky-Do." Then one day Ernie told his mother that Fred wanted to know if it would be all right to call her "Mother." She said she would like it. It was about the same time that he started to call Bill Nicholls "Dad." Fred also found it difficult to learn how to share things. A number of conflicts arose between the boys, climaxed by a free-for-all in the barn one Saturday morning. Billie came out with a bite on his arm, followed by Fred with a black eye and Ernie with a fat hand. At dinner the three boys were self-conscious about their injuries but neither Mr. or Mrs. Nicholls said a word. From then on the boys have been good friends.

Johnny, the next foster child, was a tousle-haired nine-year-old with protruding ears and a pert face. After the war his family broke up. Johnny lived in various foster homes. "They were always picking on me," he said, referring to his last home. He was indignant because promises made to him had not been kept. He had been promised a movie if he behaved well, but always some reason was found for not letting him go. He had his heart set on a pocketknife, but this too was denied him.

After the first few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls began to feel that perhaps they were not going to be able to help Johnny. Whenever he entered a group there was a fight. In a ball game he always wanted to be first at bat. He wouldn't do his share of the chores.

Many factors contributed to Johnny's progress in the Nicholls' home. In the first place, living with eight other boys he learned he had to give and take to get along. Perhaps more important, he found himself with people who kept their promises. Within six weeks after his arrival he had been to the movies twice and he was the proud possessor of a handsome plastic-cased pocketknife. "He earned these treats for his good behavior," says Mrs. Nicholls.

The fact that the Nicholls family invariably went to his rescue in trouble impressed him. At school he began to come near the top of his class. At home he watched at first while the boys lined up to kiss their mother good-night, then one night he rushed up to her, gave her a peck on the cheek and fled. Thereafter the good-night kiss became a habit. As the wall around him crumbled, some of Johnny's good points began emerging. He was generous and liked to share his possessions. He was grateful for favors.

"Little King" Arthur, a nine-year-old with dark curly hair and large dreamy brown eyes, was the last foster child to come to the Nicholls' home. The Children's Aid Society held out little hope that Arthur would adjust to his new surroundings. Arthur remembered little about his own home. Sent to live with a succession of relatives, he was always in trouble. It was planned to send him to reform

school, but the institution refused him on the grounds that only children who had actually failed in a foster home could be accepted.

"We told Mrs. Nicholls that Arthur probably wouldn't last more than a few weeks," says Jimmy Gripton, of the society. In describing what happened later, Gripton says: "Mrs. Nicholls made a fool out of me."

Arthur spent the first day on the farm, a Friday, sulking in a kitchen chair. He avoided both Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls. But Sunday afternoon, when the boys got out their skis, he tagged along with them. After watching them make several runs, he asked if he could try. He did—and discovered he enjoyed skiing. He took part in more and more of the children's activities—skating, hunting, sliding, swinging on a rope in the barn and jumping in the hay. "He made friends with the boys first and then got around to making friends with my husband and myself," says Mrs. Nicholls. To everyone's surprise, Mrs. Nicholls now finds Arthur the most tractable of all her boys—warm, agreeable and well-balanced.

Most of the time Mrs. Nicholls has little contact with the real parents of her borrowed brood. When a mother or father wants to see a child a visit is arranged. Mrs. Nicholls sometimes feels that when the real mother is only half-heartedly interested in her child she can do more harm than good by her visits. One of her foster children, for example, has seen his mother only twice in two years. One time she sent him fifty cents. "He was dumbfounded at getting anything from his mother," says Mrs. Nicholls, "since she usually didn't even remember him on birthdays or at Christmas." Another has received three or four letters from his mother, each promising that she is going to remarry and the family will be reunited. This promise has been made so many times that the child no longer pays any attention to it. "There's nothing worse than breaking your promise to a child," says Mrs. Nicholls.

Many people have asked the Nicholls if boarding foster children is profitable financially. It isn't. May and Bill Nicholls figure they probably break even during the summer, when food costs are low, and lose in winter. "If you love kids you just do the best you can for them on your income and let it go at that," says Mrs. Nicholls.

She gets great enjoyment from the group activities of her large family, such as a regular Saturday-night movie. All go to the same theatre. On the drive home the family stops at a refreshment stand for ice cream, and later in the roomy farm kitchen has cookies and cocoa before bed. The next day there are heated discussions about the picture.

The children made a swimming pool about three hundred yards from the house by dredging a natural pond until it was seven feet deep in spots. Besides swimming they stock it with chub, perch and suckers, which they catch at nearby Innes Lake. In winter they use it for a hockey rink.

The animals are a constant source of interest—particularly to the city-bred children. Each has his own pet, a ferret, mink, dog, cat or pig.

Living with her children and enjoying them, Mrs. Nicholls is sometimes distressed by the lack of sympathy some people have for foster children. She remembers an ex-school trustee in the district, the father of a large family, who has been unfriendly to her foster boys. "I sometimes wonder," she says, "what would happen to his kids if something happened to him and his wife. I believe in doing unto other people's children as you would have other people do unto your own." ★

Should a Doctor Tell?

Continued from page 19

unqualified prognosis of death. "I never tell a patient he is going to die," a family doctor told me, "but I sometimes warn patients their chances of living more than a year or two are very slim."

Dr. W. J. McCormick, a Toronto specialist in nutrition and neurology, warned that nature occasionally fools the doctor who is sure he has an incurable patient. "I once had a man with pneumonia," he said. "His pulse was rapid, his lungs were filling with fluid and the temperature was high. I called in another specialist and he agreed with me there was nothing that could be done. He even asked me to arrange for a post-mortem because it was an unusual case and he was anxious to check other aspects of the patient's condition. I told the wife that her husband was not likely to live until morning. Then I tried a radical treatment—a heavy dose of a sulpha drug with high dosage of vitamin C to counteract the sulpha's toxic effect. By morning he was rapidly improving and in twenty-four hours he was completely normal."

The best of physicians occasionally make an error in diagnosis, as a recent case in England illustrated. In 1942, James F. Whiteford, an American engineer employed in London by a U. S. firm, went to one of the city's best-known surgeons with a bladder complaint. The surgeon, Dr. J. B. Hunter, was confident he could correct the condition, and operated. But instead of finding the condition he expected Hunter discovered what he believed to be a large inoperable cancer of the bladder. He told Whiteford that unless there was an unusually retarded development the cancer would cause death in a matter of months. He advised him to quit his job, return to the U. S., see his family and set his estate in order. The engineer followed the surgeon's advice.

Six months later a Dr. Barringer in New York, using an instrument the London surgeon did not have access to, took a scraping from the bladder wall and diagnosed the "cancer" as a non-malignant tumor. He removed the tumor and after a long convalescence Whiteford was in perfect health. The engineer returned to his position in London and sued Hunter for malpractice. He was awarded twenty thousand dollars for the economic inconvenience and mental anguish the wrong diagnosis had caused. Hunter appealed to a higher court, which ruled that the inaccurate diagnosis was a mistake any doctor might reasonably make; the suit for damages was dismissed.

Such rare mistakes make doctors cautious in forecasting death, but they are so rare that the problem of "to tell or not to tell" remains unaffected.

Most doctors and ministers I talked to said they had known cases in which it would have been unwise to tell patients the truth about an incurable illness. But only a few felt the truth should be withheld in all cases, regardless of circumstances, though most agreed that no specific time limit should be set on the patient's remaining days.

One doctor was definite about keeping the prospect of death a secret. "There is no problem to it at all," he said, "when you consider that a doctor's only mission is to cure, improve or at least prolong life. No patient should be told he is going to die. It would only aggravate the disease, create a certain amount of shock and surely quicken the progress of the illness. I

Thor DOES IT AGAIN!

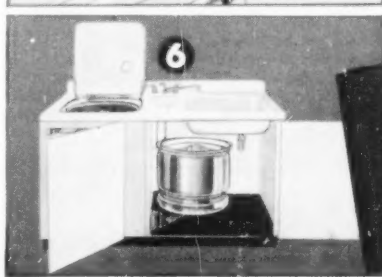
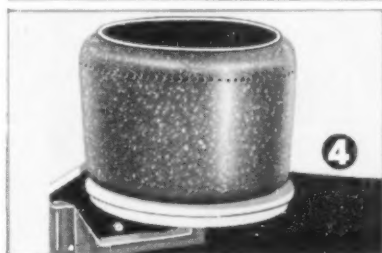
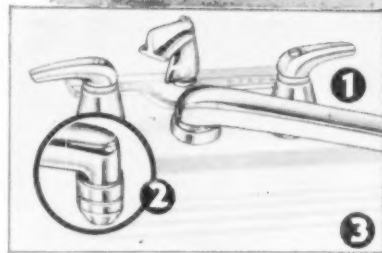
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wouldn't even tell a wife or husband or any member of the family living with the patient, for a cheerful attitude on their part will benefit the patient and help prolong life. But to protect my own professional standing I have told the truth to adult sons when I felt they were capable of keeping the knowledge to themselves. Often an adult son can see that all legal and financial matters are in order without creating concern on the part of the patient and other members of the family."

But the secret of what to tell and whom to tell about a patient's condition

lies in how well the doctor knows his patient. In many cases of cancer, leukemia, brain tumor or Addison's disease—often incurable and almost always fatal—the patient is told the truth, or made to realize the truth by careful hints. But first the doctor has determined by careful study whether the person is emotionally stable and can face the fact of death philosophically and calmly.

"I sometimes ask a patient whom I consider incurable to come back several times over a period of weeks," one doctor said. "There is usually nothing

I can do for him, but it gives me the opportunity to test his emotional stability and determine whether he can face the truth. If he is a man with business responsibilities or with a wife and family dependent on him it is usually advisable to tell him his life expectancy is limited. He may have no idea of the seriousness of his condition, and it is surprising how careless many otherwise efficient businessmen are in providing for dependents."

But neurotic, excitable people cannot be told they are going to die without risk of breaking them up mentally,

aggravating their disease and filling their last days with panic and misery. Doctors and ministers told me that such people are not common. When they are encountered the doctor, with the aid of relatives, usually strives to hide the truth.

Another group from whom the truth is usually withheld are elderly persons with grown-up families and no business attachments. There is no need to tell them they are going to die. It will serve no purpose and might do harm. Yet they are usually the ones who can face death with the most composure.

"You can always identify the people who are better off not told that they have a fatal illness," a young doctor told me. "They never face squarely up to reality, refuse to admit they are seriously ill and have frequently postponed visiting a doctor because they are afraid to find out what is wrong with them. They are always grasping at straws, hoping some magic cure will make them better. They are the people who keep medical quacks in business."

A fairly common patient of this type is the woman with cancer of the breast. A doctor described a typical case. When the woman first visited him the lump in her breast was already large and he quickly diagnosed it as a cancer. Six months earlier the cancer could have been removed and a complete cure would have resulted, but now secondary cancers were forming in the lymph glands of the armpits and the lungs. There was no hope. Should he tell her the truth?

He asked her when she had first noticed the lump, knowing what the story would be. She had first noticed a tiny hard lump almost a year before. She immediately feared cancer, but clung to the hope it wasn't. The lump grew larger. Two or three months later she told her husband and he made an appointment for her with the doctor. But she couldn't face a possible adverse verdict and telephoned to break the appointment.

Now, six months too late, she was in his office. Her hands trembling, she asked: "It isn't cancer, is it?" Obviously she was not a patient to be told the truth. The doctor shook his head. "Just a non-malignant tumor," he told her. "We'll wait a few months and maybe remove it then." Five months later, still believing her condition was not serious, she died of cancer.

Several doctors told me, however, there were circumstances in which even this type of patient should be forced to face the truth for the sake of dependents.

"At one time I would not have agreed with this, but I do now," one doctor said. "Several years ago I had two cases, close together, which made up my mind. Both were young men with small families. The first husband had leukemia. He was immature in many respects, highly emotional, and I knew he had gone to pieces so badly at his mother's death that he couldn't even attend the funeral. I knew he had only about a year to live, but I didn't tell either him or his wife. Afterward I learned that he had surrendered life insurance to buy a car and he left his wife without a cent.

"Not long afterward I had another case of a young man with two children. He had nephritis, his kidneys were seriously damaged by an infection and at first I thought he would live. But he failed to respond to treatment and it became apparent his disease was going to be fatal. Emotionally, he was unstable—a case in which a doctor would not normally tell the patient he had little chance of surviving. I knew he would take it badly, but I felt it wisest to protect the wife and children. So I broke the news in stages and

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gradually made him realize the truth. For a week or two he couldn't sleep, but he finally pulled himself together and faced it like a man. He had a small insurance agency and he spent the last six months of his life training his wife so she could carry on. When he died she stepped into his business and she's been making a good living for her children ever since."

Dr. Kelly, of the Canadian Medical Association, told me that the will to live is vitally important in treating acute illnesses such as pneumonia. Most doctors, he said, refrain from telling the truth in these cases, no matter how hopeless the case may appear. "When a pneumonia patient gives up mentally he has lost half the battle," Kelly said. "He needs all his resources. He needs to be bolstered psychologically and encouraged to hope and fight."

The average stable adult who is seriously ill, however, wants to know if it is likely to be fatal and usually takes the news calmly, often thanking his doctor for giving him the facts.

Canon C. A. Moulton, of St. Simon's Anglican Church in Toronto, recently told me about a parishioner who he knew was slowly dying. "I was young then and thought the thing to do was to encourage him to look forward to life. After a couple of months I found he knew he was going to die and had been carefully winding up his business affairs and instructing his family on what would have to be done after his death. He changed all my ideas on the subject."

"I have realized since that it is often mistaken kindness to try to hide impending death from an incurably ill person. Many want to face facts, no matter what those facts are. Many men have built successful business careers by foreseeing and preparing for misfortunes, as well as by taking advantage of good fortune. Spiritually we refuse to regard death as a misfortune, but in a business sense it probably can be regarded as such. To deprive the average man of the opportunity of preparing for this last great misfortune of his career is unjust and usually unnecessary. But a minister must never try to be a doctor. He must always learn from the doctor first whether the patient can be told the truth without causing harm."

Doctors emphasized legal and financial considerations as the main reason for telling the truth to a patient whose life expectancy is limited. Several ministers suggested another reason: Many people have goals in life they are anxious to achieve, goals which range from a scientist's research project to a midwest farmer's vow to see Niagara Falls before he dies. The man who knows he has only a year or two to live can frequently plan his last months and do those things he has always planned to do.

Man runs the full gamut from hysteria to heroism when he faces the fact of death. The hysterical person is rare, for he is usually identified in advance and the truth kept from him. On the heroic side are to be found some of humanity's greatest stories.

One man on his deathbed handed a minister twelve envelopes addressed to his wife, with instructions to give her

one each month for a year after he was gone. Not until the minister delivered the last envelope and the wife passed the letter back to him to read did he realize the selflessness with which that husband had faced death. The last letter said, in part: "You will have grieved long enough, my darling. Now it is time to put aside grief. You are not meant to live alone. If you have not already found someone, from now on open your heart. Only through loving and being loved are you complete. Only your lasting grief could now make me sad."

Another case was revealed when a four-year-old child was brought to a nursery school by her twelve-year-old sister. The teacher chatted with the newcomer and told her she liked her blue dress. "My mummy and my sister made it," the four-year-old said proudly.

Later the teacher mentioned the sisters to a neighboring woman. "I never saw such well-trained children," she commented.

"She has two sisters and a brother, all under twelve," the neighbor said. "The older girls are responsible for the small

one. Their mother is carefully training all of them to care for themselves, the house, and do the shopping and cooking, so that they and the father will always have a smoothly run home."

The teacher looked puzzled. "Why?" she asked. "Is the mother going away?"

"Yes," the neighbor replied. "She's known for a year that she is dying of cancer."

Should doctors tell you if you are going to die? Most doctors claim that only in a few cases does the answer need to be "No." ★

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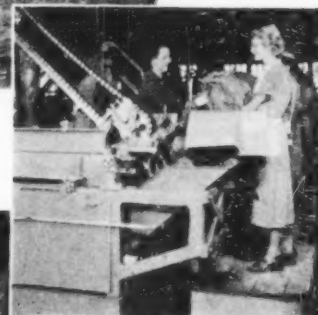
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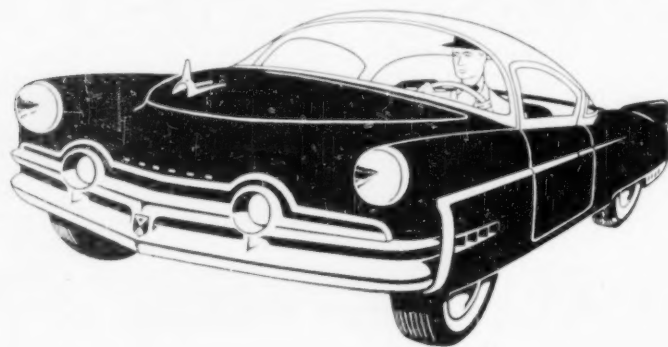
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I've Won My War Against The Weed

Continued from page 24

was blue with smoke, it was more pleasant to be adding to the smog than merely enduring it.

Within six months I was again smoking steadily. Not nearly as heavily as before, but three or four packages a week. Gradually I realized that I needed that occasional cigarette; I was again a confirmed smoker.

It took another operation to stop me smoking the third time. I had a cigarette in the taxi on the way to the hospital but didn't take any in with me because I knew my resolution would waver. My doctor this time was a smoker and I couldn't count on him for support.

In the hospital my smoking problems disappeared. Perhaps there's a strange alchemy in the atmosphere of iodoform, rubbing alcohol and cocoa that makes a cigarette lose its flavor. Anyway, when I left the hospital after ten days I was sure that I could take tobacco or leave it alone. For several months I left it strictly alone, just to make sure. Then I felt it safe to enjoy, say, one cigarette an evening, with certain safeguards.

The mistake I made before was in not controlling the number I smoked. As long as I smoked only one or two a day they didn't do me any harm, and there was no question of a habit. It was only when I let the number gradually increase that trouble developed.

To prevent that this time I made certain rules. I'd only smoke one in the evening at home, two or three if I were out on a party. Above all, I wouldn't buy any cigarettes—no use courting temptation by carrying them around in my pocket. Having to rely on what was offered me would be certain to keep me within bounds. And of course any time I detected a return of that old feeling that I needed a cigarette I'd stop at once. That was the red light.

It worked. Gradually I extended my limit to three an evening, or perhaps one in the late afternoon and two in the evening. And every month or so I would let a day pass without smoking, just to prove to myself I was still free from the habit.

That late-afternoon smoke was the one I enjoyed. If the day had been hard, it provided a pleasant relaxation. At first I had it about four-thirty, but in time I found it even more enjoyable around three, with perhaps a second one just before quitting time. Gradually I rediscovered the pleasure of a smoke after lunch. And four or five would last the whole evening.

The only rule I had to relax a little was the one about not buying. My eyes developed a tendency to assume a fixed stare the moment anyone else took out a package, and sometimes I could feel them bulging right out of their sockets. When friends started asking me if I'd ever tried thyroid treatments, I decided there was no

point in being too strict. After all, it must look a little odd to be always smoking other people's cigarettes.

Soon I realized it wasn't necessary, either, to actually count the number of cigarettes I smoked a day. All I had to do to maintain control was adhere to a "Not Before" rule—I would not smoke before two o'clock, before lunch or before 11 a.m.

To enforce the rule I would leave my cigarettes at home in the morning, and see how long it was before the pleasure of having a smoke was sufficient to outweigh the trouble of going out for a package. It became quite a little game to play with myself.

Then one evening on the way home I realized I hadn't enough cigarettes to last till bedtime. I had bought a package just before noon and somehow it was gone. And I remembered there was none at home; I had finished a package the night before.

That Lime-Kiln Mouth

I began to worry. For the little I smoked a package should have lasted two or three days. I lied to myself that I must have been handing out too many free smokes. Soon my quota was back at thirty cigarettes a day. I knew I should stop. In fact I fully intended to—I was just waiting for a suitable time. But I couldn't afford another operation and when I face it frankly I had to admit I didn't know any other way to quit.

I went to bed every night with my mouth feeling like a lime kiln and woke up with a taste like a fur-lined sewer. There was no longer any pleasure in smoking—merely relief from a need that swiftly became intolerable if it wasn't met.

At that point Mr. Abbott upped the price of cigarettes to forty cents a package. Right then I smoked my last cigarette. I haven't smoked since—and this time I don't intend to.

To anyone who wants to stop, here is some free advice:

First, you'll probably go through a period when you want to stop, you'll keep on trying to stop, and you just won't be able to make it stick. You'll try gradually cutting down on your smoking. Almost everyone tries that first. It never works, but the only way you'll convince yourself is by trying it. Don't be disheartened. It's part of the process of learning that there isn't any easy way to stop.

You won't stop smoking till you genuinely wish that you could never see tobacco in any form again. Make that decision firmly and the first half of the battle is won. The second half is to stick to it.

The simplest way is to cut yourself off completely from tobacco. Take a holiday in the bush, twenty miles from the nearest outpost. If you don't get rid of the habit you'll at least get a lot of healthy walking.

The next best bet is to associate with smokers as little as possible. Make sure that no tobacco is used anywhere about the house. If your wife is an

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| ★ | NEXT ISSUE | The Woman Behind | ★ |
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| ★ | | A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK by James Dugan | ★ |
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unredeemed smoker this may lead to difficulties. Perhaps the best solution would be to suggest that she pack up and visit mother.

The same difficulties in lesser degree will arise with the people with whom you work. If you are fortunate enough to be a corporation president you can enforce a "No Smoking" rule. Failing that, my advice is to spread the word that you have quit smoking. It will be greeted with loud guffaws but let these only toughen your resolve. Many a hero has been thrust toward more difficult goals through fear of what the neighbors would say if he turned back.

If an associate offers you a smoke your best defense is to look slightly scornful and reply, "Thanks, I don't use them." This will infuriate him and make you feel definitely superior. This assumption of superiority is one of your strongest defenses and should be cultivated. Never refer to others as merely smoking, but as "gnawing their cigars," "bubbling through their pipes," or "sucking on their cigarettes." Refer to any well-filled ashtray as "that filthy mess." On coming into a room where anyone is smoking be sure to remark, "What a poisonous fog! Anyone got a gas mask?"

Such petty mannerisms will not gain you friends, but they will give you a feeling of moral loftiness that may help to compensate for the pains of self-denial.

On the purely physical plane I've found sucking a candy helps when the need for a smoke threatens to become intolerable. Peppermints are most satisfactory, but cinnamon, clove or even fruit drops will serve, and I have heard of people who got along on a candy diet of butterscotch.

Some psychiatrists refer smugly to people who find a substitute satisfaction in this way as being "arrested at the oral level," which I gather is a pretty unsatisfactory state. Be that as it may be, if sucking a lifesaver helps when you're dying for a smoke I say go ahead and suck.

If you really want to stop smoking, however, the most important thing is that, once stopped, you must make up your mind never to start again, not even one smoke. You have to be as firm about it as the ex-alcoholic is about liquor.

In the first few days, when you spend most of your time thinking about a smoke and wondering how much longer you can hold out, one lapse will put you smack back on the old path. The only comfort for you is that those first days are the hardest. You can keep assuring yourself, "If I can just hold out for today, tomorrow will be a little easier." But the really insidious temptation begins when you are past those difficult days. The itching crawling craving for a smoke is gone, and you begin to feel that now you could really enjoy just one cigarette again.

That's the red light. The danger isn't that one cigarette will set you off on an uncontrollable orgy of smoking. On the contrary, one cigarette won't do you any harm at all—except to convince you that another one won't hurt you either. Once you fall into that frame of mind you're lost. The end is certain. In a few days, a few weeks or a few months you'll be smoking as much as ever. The whole battle will have to be fought over again.

There may be some people who can smoke an occasional cigarette, enjoy it, and never reach the point where smoking becomes an involuntary servitude. But if you've had to fight to break the habit once you don't belong to that group. You belong with us who must choose either to take it—or leave it alone. ★

Why They All Hate The Argos

Continued from page 17

would be too great, he believed. He still remembers an Argonaut executive member enquiring gruffly: "Wouldn't it be a shame if you farmers couldn't come down here? Who wants you down here anyway?"

Eric Cradock, part owner of the Alouettes, thinks Argos' unpopularity stems partly from their apparent attitude that anything new in Canadian football is necessarily bad. "They opposed Negro players when we first signed them and one of their executive members openly chided us about it; then they finally came around themselves. They opposed Sunday games in Montreal, then realized it was the only day on which we could make a buck. Now they're opposing a split-gate system of receipts distribution, though it's obvious that the system is the only solution for survival in Hamilton and possibly in Ottawa. Sooner or later the Argos'll come around, but the waiting can become exasperating."

Split-gate is a system operated by professional baseball in which the visiting team collects a share of the gate receipts. There is agitation for it in the Big Four because of the difference in the drawing capacity and the seating accommodation in the four cities, Toronto's Varsity Stadium seats 27,000, Montreal's Delorimier Stadium 21,000, Ottawa's Lansdowne Park 15,000 and Hamilton's Civic Stadium 13,000. Those favoring the system argue that Ottawa and Hamilton, cities of around 200,000, can't compete financially with the other two of more than a million. The Argonauts hold fast to the system whereby each club keeps its own gate receipts.

Well, why don't the other three teams simply outvote them?

"Can't," says Joe Ryan. "They'll withdraw."

The Argonaut football club was formed in 1874 as a minor adjunct to the Argonaut Rowing Club, which was founded two years earlier and still is the football team's sponsor. The executive has long been composed of oarsmen who wear blazers bearing the rowing club crest, and double-blue neckties, and it jolly well isn't an Argo football trip if seven or eight of the "old boys" aren't dashing off anecdotes in the club car.

Earl Selkirk, former Argo player and ex-team manager, says there's often conflict between the oarsmen and the football men. "The oarsmen regard the football people as paid employees," he says, "and the football people resent the oarsmen taking the bows for football's success."

Unwept certainly, unsung possibly, but the Argonauts are by no means unhonored. The 1950 squad was named the greatest in fifty years in a poll of Canadian sports editors conducted by the Canadian Press. Naturally no such accolade could be bestowed upon anybody, much less upon the Argonauts, without stormy disagreement. But the fact remained that in a year of the most lavish spending in the history of football the Argonauts prevailed over teams assembled at up to twenty times the cost of fielding earlier teams. The Hamilton Tiger-Cats, for instance, spent one hundred and sixty thousand dollars on players' salaries and operating costs last year. In the days when the Hamilton Tigers were the greatest machine in football (back in the early Thirties) they never spent more than seven thousand.

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professionals, most Canadian teams will spend close to two hundred thousand dollars each in the giddiest assault on the Grey Cup ever. Three of America's greatest players, George Ratterman of the New York Yanks, Dick Huffman of the Los Angeles Rams and Glenn Dobbs of the Los Angeles Dons, have been signed by the Montreal Alouettes, the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and the Regina Roughriders. Two of them, Ratterman and Huffman, were threatened with lawsuits for breach of contract by their outraged American clubs. At this writing the cases hadn't been brought into court. The three players represented an outlay of close to forty-five thousand dollars by their new Canadian employers.

In the postwar spending spree the Argos have won the national championship four times in six years, but it doesn't necessarily follow that they have purchased these championships. In fact, while the Argonauts travel first class, there are several teams in the country which have outspent them, notably Montreal, Calgary and Winnipeg. The Blue Bombers, for instance, declared that last season none of their seven imports received less than six thousand dollars. There was only one Argo player, Al Dekdebrun, the team's quarterback, who received more than that. The Argonauts pay players on a per-game basis and Dekdebrun's hundred a game added up to sixty-four hundred dollars for the season.

With a pay increase this season he was proclaimed by President Bob Moran "the highest-paid player in the history of the Argonaut club." To Dekdebrun that wasn't enough. As the Argos prepared to defend their title he caused a minor sensation by quitting workouts because he wasn't satisfied with the money for which he had signed to play.

The Argos have invariably been able to instill a strong team spirit in their football players but they have also profited handsomely from the talents of three coaches whom they have employed in the modern era. Lew Hayman joined them as coach in 1933 as a graduate of Syracuse University, where he'd starred in football and basketball. He combined the fancy ball-handling of basketball with sound football fundamentals and won three national championships up to the end of 1941 when the Big Four disbanded because of the war. Hayman quit the Argos over a salary dispute when the league reassembled in 1945 and went to Montreal; with Eric Craddock and Leo Dandurand, he formed the Alouettes.

The Peerless Two Platoons

His successor as Argonaut coach was Teddy Morris, an outstanding Argo tackler and plunger in the Thirties who coached a Navy football team representing Toronto's HMCS York and brought to the Argos most of his Navy kids. They romped to three successive national championships, whipping Winnipeg each time in the final. Then they started to fade and through the next two years, as their opponents brought more and better Americans to their lineups, the Argonauts finished third and out of the playoffs.

Morris claims that imports were recruited haphazardly and that neither he nor his manager, Earl Selkirk, was consulted. One time, he says, two executive members went to Cleveland to scout surplus material of the renowned Browns while the coach and manager stayed home. "One of them went," asserts Morris, "because he'd never seen an American pro club in

training and thought he'd like the experience."

With the Argos floundering, a new coach, Frank Clair, was hired and Morris made manager for the 1950 season. Then Morris went over to Balmy Beach as coach and finally left football when the Argos bought the Beach club last fall. Clair, meanwhile, was assembling "the greatest team in fifty years," introducing the full two-platoon system—a defensive unit and an offensive unit—into Canada for the first time. The Argos presented six competent Americans too: Dekdebrun, the deft T-quarterback; Crazy-Legs Curtis, a tremendous runner; Billy Bass, outstanding defensive fullback; John Kerns, the line coach and a bulwark at tackle; Marvin Whaley, a skinny pass-catching end; and Buckets Hirsch, a murderous tackler and line-backer.

Canadian youngsters like Toogood, Nick Volpe and Byron Karrys in the backfield, and Freddie Black, Pete Bennett, Don Scott, Jake Dunlap and the veteran Jack Wedley in the line gave the Argos a spectacular crew.

Guiding them was the lean scholarly Clair, former end for Ohio State University and the professional Washington Redskins, who gave painstaking devotion to his job. He had movies



AL DEKDEBRUN
"More money or I quit"

made of all Argonaut games and studied them for days, running them through thirty and forty times and noting each move of each player. Once, after Ottawa had gone particularly well offensively, Clair's scrutiny uncovered an Ottawa habit-pattern. He invented a countermove which completely harnessed the offense and set up a 30 to 7 Argo victory.

He doesn't miss a trick. In last year's travesty of the Grey Cup, played in a pool of watery mud, Argos clearly were the better equipped for the conditions. When the players discovered before the game that ordinary cleats were tractless in the goo Clair had them switch to special cleats owned by the University of Toronto and described by Argo assistant trainer Walt Huntley as "the biggest, longest danged cleats I ever saw." Quarterback Dekdebrun wore a special taping on the fingers of his throwing hand that enabled him to grip the greasy ball. Indian Jack Jacobs, Winnipeg quarterback and a flashy passer all season, had no such advantage and showed dismally. Winnipeg linemen in ordinary cleats slithered helplessly.

It wasn't the first time the sharp Argos had outwitted the westerners. In 1937, when the Blue Bombers trained for the Grey Cup final at Ann Arbor, Mich., Harry Sonshine, the Argonaut centre, went down with Winnipeg supporters and returned to Toronto with diagrams of the Bomber attack. They may have spelled the difference in Argos' 4-3 victory.

Now, with the 1951 season shaping up as the most lavish ever, another assault on the lucky and unloved Argonauts is under way. Lucky and unloved? Well, maybe. But, as their opponents keep discovering, to beat the Argonauts you've got to do more than hate them. ★

The Riddle of the Viking Bow

Continued from page 13

also from what my own eyes have seen. I am a *shaman* too, and in my trances have had visions of the *Inohowik*, and have even heard their voices. They were mighty beings; more than human, and yet not quite gods, for death felled them with the same evil hand he lays on us. They were pale-skinned and bearded, but their beards were flaming brands as bright as newly hammered copper. Their eyes were blue, but with the depths of lakes in winter when the cold grows so terrible that the frozen waters boom and rumble in their torment. So also were the voices of the *Inohowik*—deep voices that rumbled strangely and spoke no words my people understood.

As for the place from which they came; who knows their lands? We only knew that it lay eastward beyond the salt sea. They traveled over it in boats ten times the length of a *kyak*, and open to the seas and winds. In my visions I have seen those high-prowed ships driven on before the gales by great square sails that carried images of fantastic beasts such as we do not know. I have even seen, and marveled at, the rows of paddles that thrust out from the flanks of those long ships like rib bones thrusting from the skeleton of a gigantic fish.

But in those times, even as now we lived far inland from the coast and so we did not see the *Inohowik* come out of the eastern mists. We heard nothing of their arrival until a day when the strangers came to us. Midsummer lay over the plains; the lichens were grown brown and the leaves of the dwarf willows were darkening under the hot suns, when that day dawned. By Inuit Ku—the River of Men—there were many tents of my ancestors, and these stretched southward almost to within sight of the forest's edge. They went no farther, for the forests were the homes of the *Itkilit*—the Indians, as you call them. Much spilled blood lay between us and those savages, for it was their custom to fall upon our isolated camps and slaughter all within, before they slipped away into the forest's sanctuary where we dared not follow. We hated them and yet the plains were ours by right and so our tents stood only a few hours' journey from the concealing trees.

On the day I tell about, a young boy lay on a hill crest within sight of the forest's edge, for it was his duty to bring us quick warning if the long canoes of the *Itkilit* appeared. This youth was quick of eye and when he saw a moving thing upon the distant river he did not stay to watch but fled toward the camp. He came running over the high plains and his gasping cry brought the alarm to the southernmost camp where a dozen tents stood near the river's shore.

It was hot noon then and the men lay in the dark tents resting; but as the boy's voice came to them they sprang up, seizing their deer spears, and ran out into the blazing light. Women quickly clutched their children and carried them back into the broken hills beyond the river. Even the dogs sensed the sudden wave of fear that filled the place and they too slunk from the camp to vanish among the grey rocks.

But that camp had been chosen with care, and with a plan. A few hundred yards to the south of it the river passed through a narrow gorge, and here the angry current tossed great plumes of spray along the centre channel. Neither canoes nor *kyaks* could pass by unless

they hugged the looming cliffs beside the shores, but from the abrupt edges of these cliffs men could look directly down on all who passed below. It was along the gorge that the *Inuit* men gathered to await the arrival of their forest enemies. Beside each man there was a pile of boulders, riven by the frosts and jagged edged. These were the weapons of defense, for in those times my people used only spears for hunting, and had no weapon that could match the long bows and feathered arrows of the Indians.

IT WAS a long tense wait before a dark shape came into view far up the river. But as it hurtled down the current the watching Eskimos stared at it with puzzled eyes, and frightened murmurs rose among them. It was a boat, but such a one as no *Inuit* man had ever seen before; no longer than an Indian canoe, but very broad and heavy, and built of mighty planks.

The men it carried were even stranger than the boat. All save one sat with their backs toward the approaching gorge and they pulled on long paddles set between pins, along the thwart. They sat in pairs, and there were ten of them, but one more faced them from the stern, standing erect and looking like a god in human form. He wore a shining cap of iron on his head and under it his beard was brilliant as the setting sun at summer's end. Iron sheets upon his breast caught the reflections from the swift waters and sent dazzling shafts of light into the eyes of the watching Eskimos who were now trembling with a great unease, and with a fear that even the *Itkilit* could not have brought into their hearts.

These strangers towering giants clad in iron—were not *Itkilit*, that was certain. But were they men at all? My ancestors could not tell, and so not a hand was raised against them as the strange craft swept through the gorge, clinging to the shore line where the waters were swift but deep. They were allowed to pass on down the river, to the deep music of their leader's voice that rolled even above the thunder of the rapids.

There was no time for the *Inuit* to gather and to speak of this uncanny sight, for hardly had the strange boat passed when seven long canoes leaped into view above the gorge. There was no doubt who came in them. Half-naked men whose faces were the face of death knelt in the canoes and drove them over the river with the hungry power of many paddles. But this time it was not *Inuit* blood they sought. It was the blood of the giants who had already passed. The Indian canoes raced down the river in wild pursuit, and such was their frenzy that they forgot about the men who owned that river.

They forgot until the seven war canoes were flying through the gorge, and until the boulders fell upon them. Ah, but that was a sight I would have given much to see; for then there was a slaughter that spelled revenge for many of my people who have died under the long arrows of the *Itkilit* bands. Six of the canoes shattered like leaves under that rain of stone, and those *Itkilit* who survived the rocks were at the mercy of the river's rage. Those who survived its fury and gained the shallows were few indeed, but there were none who reached dry land, for the deer spears met them, and had no mercy.

Red was the river then; but from the stained plumes of spray one canoe emerged unscathed and fled downstream with the frantic agony of those who have escaped a massacre. The surviving Indians were instantly pur-

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sued. A dozen *kyaks* were launched behind them, and the pursuers were men filled with the madness of a victory.

It was on that day the Killing Falls received its name. A roaring cataract, it blocked the river a few miles below the gorge, and it was toward the falls that the last Indian canoe was driven as deer are driven by the winter wolves. When the funneling current above the falls was reached the Indians saw death ahead but they were trapped inexorably, for the current had them. The pursuing *kyaks*, lighter than birds, skimmed free of that deadly funnel of

roaring water and paused in quiet backwaters near the shore to watch as the canoe poised for an instant on the brink of the falls, then vanished into the white spume below.

My people watched that sight with glowing eyes, but they did not watch alone. The iron-clad strangers, forgotten for the moment by the *Innuits*, had also met the falls but they had been warned in time by the sullen roar of water, and had made shore. Knowing that the *Itkilit* were close behind, they had hauled out their boat and hidden it, and then had made a circle

on a rocky ridge prepared to fight what they believed must be their final battle against the Indians. With incredulous eyes they too had watched the violent destruction of that one last canoe, and they understood that the little men in the slim *kyaks* had done this thing. We had indeed struck the blow in their defense, but the Iron Men could not be sure we would not turn on them as well, for we must have seemed as terrifying to their eyes as they had seemed to ours. But they were brave.

One of them came slowly down the river slope to where the *kyaks* were, and

when my people saw the stranger coming they pulled quickly out of the backwaters and hovered on the current in tense expectancy. At other times the *Innuits* would have fled, but having just destroyed ten times their own number of the enemy they were no longer prone to fear. They waited while the red-bearded leader of the strangers came to the water's edge. He stood there, towering twice as high as any one of us, and then he took a short knife from his belt and held it out toward us, handle first.

The legends say it was Kiliktuk who paddled his *kyak* cautiously toward the spot and, reaching out his long double-bladed paddle, touched the handle of the extended knife. The strange giant smiled and laid his knife upon the paddle blade so Kiliktuk could draw it to him without touching shore.

Now you well know the friendliness we feel for strangers who come to us without evil in their hearts; so you will understand how it was that all the *kyaks* came to shore and soon the short fur-clad figures of my forefathers were crowding about the Iron Men, fingering their tools and ornaments and laughing as loudly and as freely as if all memory of the *Itkilit* killing had already vanished. For whether these strangers were men or spirits it was clear that they were not evil, and so we took them home with us as friends.

Far into that night the song-drums sounded and my people sat with the strangers about the fire and feasted on caribou. The strangers ate like men—like hungry men—although they looked like gods. And I think they were more men than gods for they looked upon our women with keen eyes. It was a night of nights for us when the *Inhohowik* came into our camps. It was the beginning of our greatness.

AS TO what happened afterward, the legends speak of many things. They tell of the strength of the strangers and of the tools and weapons they possessed. Fine tools of iron that had never before been seen in the wide plains where the only metal was the rare scraps of copper that we traded from the people in the north.

When the Men of Iron had been at the river camp for a few days they began to ask questions by means of signs and by drawings on the ground. They wished to know if *Innuits* led to the salt sea. After they had been made to understand that it did not, but led instead only to the far northern ice seas that never thaw, then they became bitterly unhappy for a while. They talked much with one another and at last made it known that they would linger in our camps till winter came. In truth they could do little else for their awkward boat could not ascend the river, even if they had cared to go again into the *Itkilit* lands to retrace their path.

Through the remaining summer months the strangers lived with us and learned to hunt the caribou upon the river crossings. They gradually gave up their own clothing of thick hides and cloth, and wore the soft skin garments that our women made for them. When the snow came they even laid aside their iron caps, for these round hats with their metal horns that made the wearers look like musk ox bulls soon grew too cold to bear.

That was a good time for the *Innuits* of the plains. The *Inhohowik* knew many secret things that they shared with us. They could strike fire from iron and rock; they knew the stars and could tell their way by them as easily as we could find our way in daylight. And yet for all their wisdom they were as children in our land. They taught us much, but we in turn taught them the



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things they had to know—and for the moment it was they who learned the most.

Their leader was a giant even among his own. His name was Koonar and that name still lives, for he was a mighty man above all other men. He could carry whole carcasses of caribou back to the camps after a hunt. His arm, wielding a long iron blade, could split a caribou as easily as we might split a hare. But not all his strength was in his body, for his mind was very quick and in a little while he could understand and speak our tongue. From his lips my people heard a little about the Iron Men in their voyage to our river—though it was very little.

It was told how, when their long ships reached the west shores of the salt sea, some of the *Inohowik* went on up the rivers in small boats, in search of what we do not know. But it is told that they found death. Koonar's small boat went south into unknown lands and traveled many days. Then, as the *Inohowik* slept one night, they were set upon by Indians and many perished. Those who survived turned north again but found their return route barred by Indians. In desperation they journeyed west then north, hoping to swing back eastward to the shores where the long ships waited. That was how it happened that they came to Innuik Ku, and on its headwaters met the *Ithlit* who drove them out into our plains.

Koonar lived in Kiliktuk's tent and also in that tent there was Airut, Kiliktuk's daughter. She was young, with full round cheeks and with the promise of love in her black eyes; and it was the secret hope of Kiliktuk that she would seem fair in the sight of the leader of the strangers. Kiliktuk hoped that Koonar might become his son, so that all the *Inohowik*'s strange knowledge, and body's strength, might come to be a part of the inland people. But in those early days Koonar did not look on any woman. He was a leader, and perhaps he knew what women may do to the hearts of those who must lead other men.

Then, on a day when summer was almost at an end, Koonar went alone to the crossing place to hunt caribou. He made a good kill, but as he was returning to the camp with the weight of two whole carcasses upon his shoulders, he slipped and fell among the rocks with such force that one of his thigh bones was shattered. He was carried to Kiliktuk's tent but for a long time even his own men despaired to see him live. His wound was terrible to see; the broken bones stood out from the torn flesh. He lived only because the girl Airut nursed him with all her skill and patience, and because Kiliktuk, who was a mighty shaman, used all his sorcery to heal the wound. So Koonar lived, but he never walked again nor did he recover his great strength, for the injury he suffered ate into his heart and body both. But now the wishes of Kiliktuk bore their fruit. During the long weeks of agony it came about that Koonar gave in to love, and after a time he took Airut to wife. Nor was he alone, for others of his men had taken wives, and the *Innuik* believed that now the strangers would stay forever in my people's camps.

But that was not to be. When the big snows came and when the rivers froze the *Inohowik* gathered in their leader's igloo and talked for many hours. When all the talk came to an end the strangers made ready to forsake their women and our land. They had made up their minds to strike eastward across the barren plains as soon as dogs could pull the winter sleds. It was said of them, by the angry Eskimos, that evil spirits possessed their hearts and would not let them rest.

The *Innuik* were very bitter when they heard the plans and knew their sisters were to be deserted. It is even possible that blood might have been shed had not Koonar made a peace with the *Innuik* men. Then, as the price of their release, he told the people that he would remain behind and all the gifts of the *Inohowik* would be ours through his great giving. Perhaps he thought his injuries would be a burden to his fellows in their trek across the frozen plains. But I believe it was because the woman Airut, whom he loved, was growing big with child.

In the worst time of winter, when the blizzards ruled, ten of the *Inohowik* left the camp, and left their women, to drive eastward with dog teams in search of the salt sea and their lost ships. They vanished into the lifting snows and were never seen again. Somewhere in the dark depths of winter they met the full fury of our land and perished as we had known they must.

AND SO the tale of *Inohowik* becomes the story of Koonar, of Airut and of the children that she bore. First was

the son Haluk, born in the spring of the year. In the next year there was a daughter born to them whose name is not remembered; and this was Koonar's family. Though he could not leave his sleeping ledge to hunt, and other men had to procure the meat that fed his wife and children, yet Koonar was much loved among my people. He kept his promise and he gave us his great wisdom freely, in all things but one, so that the *Innuik* prospered.

Kiliktuk, who was his father-in-law, was also Koonar's greatest friend, and sometimes they would talk of the things



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Koonar had known in far-distant lands. Many of the stories Koonar told seemed terrible beyond belief for he sometimes spoke of great battles fought on land and on the sea and with such weapons that men's blood flowed like spring rain.

One day, after such a tale was finished, Kiliktuk asked Koonar to show the *Innu* how to make weapons such as these, but Koonar refused, saying that he would not give us the means to destroy other men, and then ourselves. In our lands he had found peace after a lifetime spent in battle.

Things were well in the *Innu* camps until the child Haluk had seen six winters and was looking on his seventh. That year, after the snows had come, Kiliktuk announced that a journey must be made southward to the edge of forests to gather wood for the making of sled runners and other needed things. Before the coming of the *Inohowik* this had always been a dangerous journey and rarely undertaken, for the forests belong to the *Itikilit*, as the plains belong to us. But because the Indians had suffered so heavily at our hands, the danger was no longer thought to be very great, and on this expedition it was planned to take some women so that good camps might be established for the men who felled the trees.

Now because Koonar could not leave his place to teach Haluk, his son, the ways of men and hunters, Kiliktuk suggested that the boy should be permitted to accompany the timber-gathering party so that he might begin to know the land and the duties of the men who lived in it. Koonar did not oppose this suggestion, though he was ill at ease at the thought of a separation from Haluk, even for a week. He agreed that the boy might go, but he insisted that Airut should also go so that she might see to it that the child came to no great harm.

It is told that they came to the place where the forest meets the plains and here a camp was made. For five days the men went out each morning and, choosing the best trees they could find, felled them and roughed them into timbers. At dark they came wearily back to the travel camp and the women greeted them with hot soup and mounded piles of boiled deer meat. Then, on the sixth day, while the men were far away, a band of *Itikilit* came swiftly out of the shadowed woods and fell upon the camp. Their work was swift and silent. The *Innu* men knew nothing of it until they returned at evening to find their women and their children dead upon the snows, their bodies torn and mutilated by the fury of the killers.

Kiliktuk and his followers did not pursue the *Itikilit* for they dared not venture inside the forests. They could do nothing but return to the river camp carrying the bodies on their sleds and lamenting so that the sound was heard long before they themselves were seen. It is remembered that when Kiliktuk came into Koonar's igloo he thrust his own knife deep into his arm so that the blood spurted freely as he fell to the floor and wept at Koonar's feet, telling the *Inohowik* that his wife and son were dead.

Then Koonar swore terrible oaths in his own tongue, and so frightful was his rage that the *Innu* shuddered and were afraid of him.

AFTER a time Koonar's anguish calmed and he called all men before him. He took the antlers of a deer and a piece of fine spruce wood and he set to work to fashion a thing such as no Eskimo had seen before. His task took him many weary hours but he would not rest nor yet allow

the watching men to rest. He knew many failures, but in the end the thing was done. Still without pause even for sleep, he showed the *Innu* how to make weapons such as the one that he had built from bone and wood, and he ordered each man to make one for himself.

At first the *Innu* believed that this was only the work of a man crazed by grief, and yet they were so afraid of the deep anger that burned in Koonar's eyes that they obeyed his bidding. When each man owned one of the new weapons, Koonar showed them how to shoot—and then they saw he was not mad. This new weapon was a fearsome thing that could strike down a caribou in full flight at three hundred paces!

For a whole month Koonar ordered every minute of men's lives. Lying on snow blocks outside the igloo he drove the men to practice shooting until they cried with cold and tiredness—but he would not let them rest. It is not my people's way to give themselves entirely to any task; but Koonar made this a way with them. He drove them, but he also drove himself until his old wound opened and dark blood soaked his deerskin clothes.

The month ended with the coming of the blizzards and the long night that is the heart of winter. Then Kiliktuk, who had become the body's strength for Koonar, chose the ten best marksmen from among the *Innu* men and ordered them to feed their dogs for a long journey. When this was done, ten teams were hitched to ten great sleds and the chosen men left the camp and headed south along the frozen river. Kiliktuk, who alone of all the *Innu* understood the work in hand, was in the lead, and on his sled lay Koonar, sick almost to death, and wrapped in heavy furs against the brittle cold.

It is told how these men traveled to the forests and boldly entered them, for Koonar had banished fear out of all hearts. For five days they drove south into the forests, and on the fifth day they came in sight of the smoking tents of a great Indian camp. The few hours of feeble daylight were almost at an end and the *Innu* would have preferred to draw away and lay an ambush, but Koonar would allow no pause.

Under his orders the ten sleds drove at full speed straight into the heart of the sprawling camp and they were among the tall tents almost before the Indian dogs could howl their hysterical alarm. Now the sleds halted in a tight line and the *Innu* men leaped off and knelt in the snows with their bows raised, and arrows poised. There was a terrible confusion then, for the *Itikilit* came spilling out of their tents without caution, and many of them did not even pause to seize their weapons, for they were taken unawares. As they came from the tents they were met by short, unfeathered arrows driven from the taut strings of the *Innu* bows. The whine and murmur of the arrows could be heard above the wild screams of people and of dogs; and the sudden thud of arrows striking home was like a drum beat under all other sounds.

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It was a killing beyond all others we have known. More than a hundred died with the crossbow arrows lodged in their lean bodies. There was no mercy for the women and children.

So sudden was that onslaught, and so ruthless the new weapon, that the *Ithilit* did not fight. Hardly an arrow was fired by them. Those Indians who passed their own doors, and lived, fled into the darkness carrying with them no more than their frightened lives. And when no living thing remained about the camp, the *Innuits* left their sleds and laid a torch to every tent.

Then Koonar's voice was raised. It boomed into the silence that was now broken only by the whimpering of dogs, and crackling flames, and the *Ithilit* who heard it as they fled believed it to be the voice of a devil-spirit and they fled faster still.

"Men of the River!" Koonar cried, "because revenge burned in my heart and blinded me I have given the powers of death into your hands. But hear me now! If you should ever use those powers, unprovoked by direst need, then be sure I will come back from the farthest places of the sky, and my anger shall be more terrible than all the devils of this land!"

Silence returned, and in that silence the sleds were turned into the north again, and they drove on until the forests ended and the plains lay stretched in sombre silence under the endless night. They traveled onward until they were almost in sight of the home camps, and then Kiliktuk's sled suddenly turned from the trail. The others would have followed but he waved them on, bidding them carry the news of victory into the camp. And so a single sled turned off and vanished into darkness, and on that sled Koonar was dying.

Late that night a strange tongue of fire was seen on the river to the north. All those who had gathered to sing of the victory stared as a great flame licked upward from the distant ridge by Killing Falls, so that the long roll of snowy hills glowed briefly with the tint of blood. They were still watching in fear and wonderment when a sled came swiftly down the river and drew up in a flurry of fine snow. On it was Kiliktuk and he was alone.

The people deafened him with questions but there was a look upon his face that silenced them. Neither then nor later did he tell them what had come

about. Only to his grandson, the child of Koonar's daughter, did he tell the tale before he died. That child was called Haluk and he was the father of my father's fathers; and through them I too have heard how Kiliktuk drove Koonar up the river to the place where the old boat of the *Innowik* was cached among the rocks. I have heard how Kiliktuk tenderly placed the dying giant in that boat and, at his orders, laid piles of dwarf willow scrub about him. Then Kiliktuk wept and parted from the stranger who was a son, and more, to him.

Kiliktuk drove away as he was told to do, and when he looked back red flames were lifting above the dark shadows of the boat, against the crimson snow. The boat flamed into ash at last and with it Koonar, the last of the *Innowik*, vanished from our lands.

KOONAR was gone, and yet the wishes of Kiliktuk had come true for Koonar gave us the greatest gift we ever had—this crossbow that was our strength for more generations than my hands can count. We used it as Koonar had said we must, and so we prospered until we were as many as flies over this land that now knows only half a score of men. And Koonar's blood stayed with us too, for it has happened that each generation has seen a child who bears that blood and who must take the name Haluk.

Now I, Haluk, am the last of these, for I am not quite as others of my people are. There is a difference in my spirit, for I have visions that are beyond reality, and in them I have seen and known the men who were the *Innowik* and I have understood they were my fathers too.

And so it ends. You are the first outside my race to hear the tale, and I have told you because very soon there will be no more *Innuits* ears to hear. I too will go, and soon. And yet I have one all-devouring wish that I would realize before death comes for me.

I wish that I might journey to the salt seas where I have never been, and I wish that I might look out into the east where the long ships drift with their great sails catching the setting sun, as I have dreamed of them. And I would have it that this ancient body might be laid upon the deck of a long ship, that it might be carried eastward, ever eastward through the mists; to vanish, as did Koonar... into flames. ★



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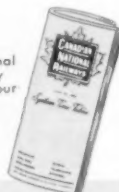


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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

tensions of the past few years, but Canada for one takes them seriously. Even more so do the Scandinavian countries, especially Sweden, whose one-hundred-and-thirty-six-year tradition of neutrality makes the ordinary citizen acutely allergic to "entangling alliances."

That issue could have been argued out, perhaps, and amicably settled. What is regarded as most unfortunate here is the virtual announcement in advance of the NATO meeting that Greece and Turkey are to be admitted as full members. That is not what some of the allies had understood by the word "consultation."

Uneasiness about this is deepened, and complicated, by the new American deal with Franco Spain. This is something that may not be mentioned at all in the September conference unless Portugal again brings up her proposal for the admission of Spain to NATO. Strictly speaking the Spanish-American agreement is none of NATO's business; it's a purely bilateral affair between Washington and Madrid. But it could hardly be described as timely.

In Ottawa there seems to be little emotional reaction against assisting Franco. Since the West is helping Tito too it seems a bit late in the day for striking moral attitudes about freedom and democracy. But in Britain and France the emotional hostility to Franco is still high.

These things might be disregarded if the Spanish-American agreement really is, as it purports to be, a straight military deal in which Washington can be trusted to drive a hard bargain. But there is suspicion that Washington may have been prodded, even if not motivated, by the internal pressure of the Roman Catholic vote. If that be so it's feared that the political loss, in Europe, will heavily outweigh the military gain. After all, Franco's record as a military ally is not very good. He got plenty of help from Hitler and Mussolini in exchange for extravagant promises, and he never did anything for them. Why should we expect him to do more for us?

An argument of a very different character is the one about arms standardization. Here Canada has been playing her traditional role of mediator on an issue of crucial importance.

Ever since 1947 the Western allies have been trying to get together on a common small-arms ammunition. Common weapons are not so important; it doesn't matter much if each army uses its own rifle so long as they all fire the same round.

Last year it looked as if four years of effort had ended in failure. British War Secretary Emmanuel Shinwell announced that Britain was adopting a new .280-calibre rifle, and going into production forthwith. The United States was sticking to its .300-calibre Garand. In Canada Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defense, expressed his great disappointment but that seemed to be all. For several months there was no sign of any further attempt to bring the two major Western powers together.

In private Canadians refused to accept the defeat. General Guy Simonds, Chief of the General Staff, went to Washington and talked earnestly with General Mark Clark and other top men in U. S. procurement. Then he went to London and talked to Field Marshal Sir William Slim and his aides. The upshot was the an-

nouncement of further talks on standardization in Washington in August.

The British have every reason for wanting to change from the old .303 Lee-Enfield with the rimmed cartridge. It was designed in the 1870s and proved none too satisfactory in the South African War. By 1912 Britain had decided to abandon it and was starting work on a new design and calibre.

World War I caught Britain short; there was no time to change the basic infantry weapon. And war's end, of course, left Britain with huge supplies of small-arms ammunition in her mobilization stores. That was the time (remember?) when there was never going to be another war; the idea of spending millions of pounds on a new rifle and round was preposterous.

In the 1930s the idea came up again with new urgency, but this time there was no money. Every defense department in the Western world was on starvation rations. By the time British military spending picked up again it was again too late to risk a basic change in ammunition.

After World War II Britain decided not to be caught a third time. Exhaustive tests began in 1945. Every calibre from .250 to .330 was tried and the new .280 round was found to be the best.

Meanwhile, between the two wars, the United States had already made the big switch-over. Their experts had also looked with much favor on the .280-calibre round, but for various technical reasons they picked the .300 instead. That was the basic American infantry weapon through World War II, as it is today in Korea.

Americans are inclined to admit, on the basis of the British tests, that the .280 is a little better, except (as the British also admit) at relatively short ranges where the .300 has a slight edge in some respects. But they say (and the British admit) that the difference is marginal. The present .300 round is pretty good, the United States has tremendous supplies of it and her armament factories have been adding to those supplies in huge quantities ever since the Korean War started. The Americans feel that under the circumstances they can't afford to change. Not now.

All right, said the British, will you give us a firm undertaking *not* to change? If we adopt your .300-calibre round will you agree to make that the international standard?

No, the Americans couldn't do that either. Their .300-calibre round has some admitted shortcomings, and they may want to improve it when the time seems ripe.

Well then, would they agree now that if they decided on a change they'd adopt the .280-calibre round which (according to the British tests and according to a majority of United States ballistics experts themselves) seems to be the best available?

No. By the time they turn to a new round and weapon something still better may have turned up.

Canadians were more aghast at the deadlock than either the British or the Americans. Canada played an important part in supplying small-arms ammunition in a critical stage of World War II and is equipped to do it again. But with our relatively small resources it was desperately important that we be able to produce for a common pool.

So Canada came up with two compromise proposals.

One was a mere stopgap: Delay the whole thing for eighteen months. Let the United States agree to provide Britain with enough infantry weapons and ammunition to tide her over in the meantime, while further tests are



AND THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT . . .

WHEN Samuel Meek, a Negro slave, escaped from the United States into Canada with his tiny daughter just after the War of 1812 he resolved to reward the country which had befriended him by becoming a model and diligent citizen.

He did. By the time York was incorporated as Toronto in 1834 he was a wealthy man, owner of a livery stable and the Mansion House Hotel, where the Adelaide Street post office now stands. As an extra gesture then, he made it known that he would like his daughter to marry a white man, provided a suitor could win his daughter's love.

The suitor must court her for two years, so that both father and daughter would be sure it was a love match, and so that Meek could satisfy himself of the future son-in-law's good faith. In return, Meek promised to make the successful suitor his heir, and to provide a thousand-dollar dowry—a very

large sum of money in those days.

A young man appeared and during two years' decorous courtship won the girl's affections. Meek found his intentions honorable, his family irreproachable (the father was a retired army officer in Montreal).

In February 1835 the marriage took place and, since Meek was a respected member of the community, every bigwig in town was there. After the wedding Meek gave his new son-in-law a half-share in his business and the promised thousand dollars, and, with pride in his heart, watched the honeymoon carriage drive off.

The young man must have been a wonderful actor. He whipped up the horses and drove straight south to Carolina where he sold his new wife into slavery.

Six months later Meek converted his business into cash and, through a friendly intermediary, bought her back.—Ronald Hambleton.

CANADIAN ECDOTE

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions returned.

run in an attempt to get agreement on a common round.

The second Canadian proposal had more substance. It suggested in effect that both calibres be adopted by both countries, for slightly different uses. Thus each would be able to produce for the other.

Canadians pointed out that while American soldiers are satisfied with their Garand rifle they are not at all satisfied with the light carbine which is their secondary weapon. In Korea, GIs have been throwing their carbines away and using the old reliable Garand. The carbine uses a .300-calibre round, but it's entirely different from the Garand round—short, stubby and "with no more punch than a pistol," as one Canadian put it.

On the basis of Korean experience the Americans are likely to abandon this carbine anyway. Canadians say, "Why not take the British .280 round for a new carbine? You'll be no worse off than you are now, since you're using two different rounds anyway."

On the other hand the British are already using a .300 round in their tanks. Why not use the American for that?

Canadians think their second proposal makes sense on purely military grounds. There is also a diplomatic or psychological reason which, they think, is equally important.

Europeans have become somewhat embittered by the very word "standardization" in recent months. In practice, they say, it never means anything but adoption of U. S. equipment. General Eisenhower's HQ is continually pressing them to "Help yourselves, do more on your own." But when they come up with a specific idea or design and say "We can make this," the usual answer is "We have something in the States that we like better."

Canadians argue that this is a fine opportunity for the United States to gain a lot in general morale with a relatively minor concession. The British .280 is not a wholly British idea, but a combination of Belgian, Swedish and British design. If the U. S. adopts it even for a secondary weapon the effect would be to boost the spirit of co-operation in NATO forces and give the minor members a new sense of partnership.

Which, all things considered, seems a rather timely idea. ★



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London Letter

Continued from page 4

percentage of my fellow inhabitants in England.

Nevertheless my feelings were outraged. Robbing the Abbey is something that just isn't done, like wearing an old Etonian tie when you have never been nearer to the school than punting at Maidenhead. Yet the audacity of the whole thing seized the imagination and certainly Scotland was in a ferment of excitement.

Within a short space of time Scotland Yard, which has nothing whatever to do with Scotland, knew all about it. But, as you are well aware, the English are apt to fly into a deep calm at any given moment of crisis. Someone in authority whispered: "We must get the Stone back but on no account must we create martyrs." A shrewd appraisal of the situation, you will admit.

There was no such calm in Scotland. The spirit of Wallace was abroad and there were ardent young patriots ready to shed their blood. However, even the English learn by mistakes and when the Stone was eventually returned to the Abbey there was no police prosecution although the identity and the activities of the conspirators were fully known.

Yet this cold-blooded shrewdness of the English did not subdue the thrill that had shot through Scottish veins. There were extremists who declared that Flodden had been revenged and that this singeing of the King's beard in London was as good as another Bannockburn. It is true that the Stone was back in the Abbey and that the English were dividing their thoughts among Russia, Persia and the Derby but many Scots believed that when the

fifth meeting of the Scottish National Assembly took place in the summer there would be great crowds and a new determination to carry home rule a long way nearer to realization.

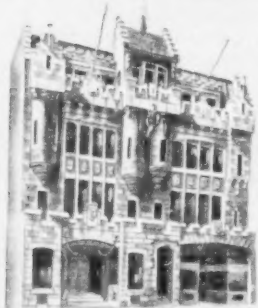
Now I must record a strange thing. At last year's assembly a thousand delegates turned up. But this summer, in the year of triumph, only two hundred delegates were present at the morning session plus about fifty on-lookers. There were a few more in the afternoon but the acreage of empty seats remained in all its nakedness.

There is a partial explanation—but only partial. The Labor Party had banned the whole affair, although one of its MPs, John McGovern, disregarded the ban. The Conservatives were not so drastic but it was understood that they had better take no part in the congress. The Liberals were too busy trying to keep alive, and the Communists are only interested in handing Scotland over to Russia.

Dr. John MacCormick had the difficult task of presiding over the Edinburgh convention and he was soon in hot water over his resolution that a petition should be sent to the King asking for the setting up of a royal commission to make recommendations upon a measure of self-government for Scotland. This was altogether too mild for the gathering and the doctor soon found himself being badgered and denounced from half a dozen quarters.

Then rose a wise man, Dr. John MacDonald, editor of the New Covenanter. "I support the petition to the King for it is a normal part of the constitutional procedure of this country. The King would refer such a petition to his government and it might be that in handing the petition over His Majesty would add a 'wee word of advice' to his ministers. This move-

MEN WHO THINK OF
TOMORROW PRACTICE
MODERATION
TODAY



THE HOUSE OF
SEAGRAM

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



ment is absolutely opposed to ideas of separation.

With mounting wrath he denounced the extremists who advocated methods that were unconstitutional. "We are not seriously worried," he said in his rich Scottish voice, "by the antics of these little men."

Somewhat subdued the meeting went on to suggest that Scotland should consult with the Dominions and, if possible, enlist their sympathy and co-operation. But it was left to Lord Boyd-Orr, the eminent expert on world food production, to whip the meeting to a new enthusiasm.

"I am interested in this movement," he said, "because I believe in democracy, and if we can get democracy in Scotland I would be prepared to go and fight for democracy in England. I think we should do things very much better in Scotland if we had more power. There is a great danger of everything in this country being Londonized—to use a word I saw in the Scotsman—and I hope that I will still live to see Scotland free again."

That, of course, has the authentic ring of the reformer and the patriot. Perhaps it is small wonder that when the resolution petitioning merely for a royal commission was passed there were many cries of "Shame!" from the body of the hall. To the more ardent spirits this was a poor climax to the splendid rescue of the Stone from alien hands.

So far in this article I have tried to do no more than give you an impersonal report on the Scottish home-rule movement. Now, if you will grant me leave, I shall make some observations based on my parliamentary experience at Westminster.

I agree completely with Lord Boyd-Orr that the Londonization of the British Isles has been carried much too far by the socialists.

Another absurdity is that we who are English members have it in our power to carry or defeat any project put forward on behalf of Scotland.

I believe that Scotland should have

a considerable measure of home rule and that to a lesser extent this plan could be extended to Wales. Why should the great mother of parliaments at Westminster debate a Scottish river pollution bill or a hydraulic scheme in the Highlands? This could be much more sensibly done in a Scottish parliament.

Yet when we enumerate the advantages of home rule I wonder if it really fits in with the needs or the character of the Scottish people. Is it not rather absurd to identify the interests of the Scots with their own land whereas they are natural colonists who create little Scotlands wherever they go?

The Scot is never absorbed by another race, no matter where he pitches his tent. Lord McGowan, who was a barefoot boy in Scotland, has lived in London for fifty years but his Scottish brogue or dialect is so rich that he might never have crossed the border. Do you think the Scots in England celebrate St. George's Day? Away with such nonsense!

The gifts which the Scots bring to the furtherance of civilization are definite, valuable but not limitless. In spite of Burns, the contribution of Scotland to poetry cannot compare with that of England. The genius of the Scot is in the integrity of his outlook, his sense of values, his firm philosophy, his deep-seated reverence for God, and his genius for organization. That is why the combination of the Scots and the English has proved so successful over the centuries.

I think the Scot should regard himself as Scotland and feel that he takes his native country with him wherever he goes. The world is his Empire, not merely the rain-swept Highlands or the banks and braes of the gurgling streams. But if he feels that a Scottish parliament is needed for his country's dignity and self-expression then I would give it my vote.

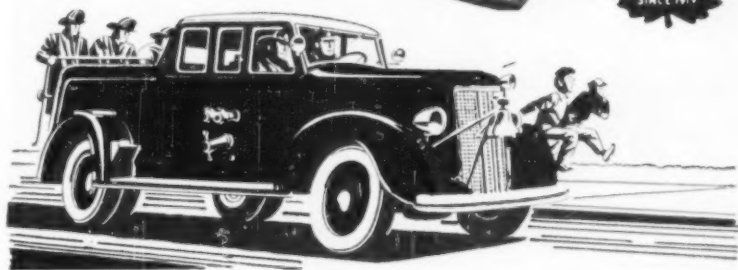
Thus shall I be able not only to face my wife but also the ghosts of my ancestors who made their way from Stirling to Canada long long ago. ★

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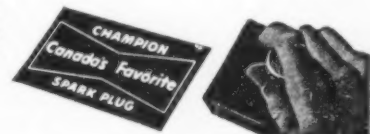
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USA 1951

Continued from page 11

feared for their children; the really cosmic worriers feared for mankind with more reason than usual, and in everyone's mind was the chill fear of war. In New York signs point the way to the nearest air-raid shelter.

Part of this concern centred in the almost eager desire to see their country's new might measure up to its great new responsibilities.

A woman in Nashville asked me: "What do they think of us in Canada?" She and other people I talked to seemed acutely aware of how much destiny they hold in their hands, and in that way, of course, they differ from Canadians.

In Phoenix, Ariz., I talked to Odd Halseh, archaeologist who lives in an adobe house outside the city, with the buff-colored bones of an ancient Indian pueblo beside his museum to remind him that man hasn't learned so much, after all, for a fellow who has been around so long.

"Man has a lot of arrogance to think that he is the only species fit to inhabit the earth," he told me, as we sat in his office where the thick mud walls were a fort against the 110-degree desert heat. "Other species were here, some of them for millions of years. Because they could not or would not adapt themselves they disappeared." Odd, who is a Norwegian by birth and has spent the last forty of his sixty years studying Indians of the southwest, looked around the relics, the books and the classical library of Navajo and Apache ceremonial chants and nodded. "These things give you perspective. And I wish we taught geography and history the way we teach finance. Everyone learns that you can't draw from a bank account forever without putting something in it.

"Well, we're trying to do that in the world today. The U. S. is using its natural resources too fast. The water table is going down. Do you know," he said, looking toward the window and the irrigated fields which in their natural state are designated as semi-arboreal desert. "they used to have floods here years ago? We've taken the trees from the mountain slopes and now we have a desert.

As Fulbright Sees It

"If I may say something to you as a Canadian it would be this: Guard your natural resources. This is the critical year—now. Don't embark on unrestrained immigration, because"—and he paused—"when we become a have-not nation you will have to help feed us."

Halseh, who served in the Canadian Army in the First World War until the authorities discovered he was a Norwegian and fired him, thinks food is the real cause of war. "Politics cloak the real reason men fight," he said. "When the Spaniards came to this country about 1640 they came because they were running short of natural resources. Their shipbuilding and their metallurgy had stripped their forests. The Russians are aggressive today because they have just about reached their agricultural potential. When the Spanish conquistadores were on the move the world population was, according to the best ecological estimate, about five hundred millions. It's now about two and a third billions. There's the cause for wars."

"The most strategic minerals in the world today are those that go to make good nourishing food," he said.

In Washington I talked to Democratic Senator William Fulbright, of

Arkansas, who is afraid of what is happening to American public life. I sat in a committee room while he and his colleagues heard testimony from Morris Ernst, the brilliant New Deal lawyer from New York who had come to give testimony which might help solve the problem.

Later, Fulbright talked to me in the crowded Senate gallery. "This is the trouble as I see it," he said: "Morality is becoming synonymous with legality and we're apt to think if a thing's within the law it's perfectly all right. In that committee room we were examining a resolution to set up a non-partisan commission—something like one of your royal commissions—to consider the ethical conduct of public business. I don't know exactly how this commission will work and I recognize the fact that you can't legislate morality. But I think it is needed, not because government is any more corrupt than it was, say, in the time of Harding, but it's so big now and enters into the lives of all of us to such a great degree (and I don't think this degree will lessen for some time to come) that we should pay more attention to how government is run. If we don't we just won't get the best men in the country into it. And we need them more than ever before."

In Oak Ridge, the town the atom built in the green mountains of Tennessee, Tom and Louise Brockett and their baby Tommy live in one of five types of government houses for forty-five dollars a month, listen to a disk-jockey spin a show called Up and Atom over Station WATO in the mornings and never speak about the work Tom does in the secret plants over the hill.

"I have no idea what my husband does," said Mrs. Brockett. "None of the wives know what their husbands do and of course you just don't ask. It isn't as much of a strain on a woman's curiosity, once you accept it, as you might imagine."

Once when the conversation swung in the direction of nuclear fission Tom spoke up quickly, like that character in a play who bounces on stage and enquires brightly "Anyone for tennis?" Only Tom said, "Have you got Hadacol in Canada?" This is a patent medicine which has made a fortune for its publicity-minded sponsor. The deliberate non-sequitur served its purpose as a conversational road block.

Louise had one more word on the atom age. "I sometimes wonder," she said, "if we did the right thing bringing little Tommy into a world like this." Her husband scoffed gently. "You don't stop living because the world's in a mess. You go on."

Bob Burns, a public relations man of Phoenix, Ariz., had the same nameless fear of the future, which seems to be a modern malaise. He said: "I never thought I would do this but sometimes I look back at the depression years as the good old days. I always seemed to have money then. Not much, but enough. Now I sometimes have the feeling of being on a raft that's caught in a strong stream. The only thing to do is work and live from day to day."

Roger Dixon got off the train forty years ago in the Texas cowtown of Bowie, at the end of a trip from England, wearing stiff hot English clothes and carrying a set of golf clubs. The cowpokes outside Bob's Hotel stifled their amusement and the bank manager put him up for six weeks until he got squared away. Now he is one of the biggest cotton merchants in the biggest cotton-producing area in the world.

Looking back, in his office in the Cotton Exchange Building in Dallas, he told me: "I think we've grown lazy.

This inflation could be licked if we worked forty-four hours a week and produced more instead of just forty hours. As for the Russians, well, they're fanatics. Capitalists are fanatics too, I guess, and we aren't going to change each other. But unless we can persuade them to get back inside their own country there is real danger of a war."

Alton Phillips was washing his car in the backyard of his small white house in Kilgore, Texas, in the shadow of one of the oil derricks that are more numerous than lampposts in the downtown area of this capital of the East Texas field. His small son Tony was playing on the lawn. Alton sells washing machines and was a Seabee in the last war.

"Sure I'm worried about the state



of things," he said. "A man would be a fool not to be. But I'll tell you I'm not reading any more about it than I can help. My reading these days is all planned to improve myself." He reads books on salesmanship with titles like *Think and Grow Rich* and *How to Turn Failure into Success*. But even with the assurance he gets from his reading he's worried about business prospects.

"At the first of this year there was so much talk of shortages that business was good, almost too good. I don't know what's going to happen if they reach an armistice in Korea. Don't misunderstand me; I'm not afraid of peace breaking out, but what happens to business when these dislocations come along?" he said.

Everywhere I heard complaints about high prices and what a short shopping list did to a ten-dollar bill. In Los Angeles most of the people I talked to were parents and their concern seemed to centre on raising their children safely. They talked of the problems raised by girls maturing socially, if not biologically, at an early age and having regular dates as young as thirteen. I saw a clipping from an advice column in which a girl asked for counsel. She had been going with this fellow for four years and now she found she no longer loved him. She was eighteen.

Last Week, a Miner Died

One father, who is no sensationalist, assured me that the dope traffic among high-school children had not been misrepresented and said you could buy narcotics in or near any high school in town.

The phenomenal increase in Los Angeles' population—more than a million during the war years alone, bringing it face-to-face with a threatened water shortage and a fantastic traffic problem—is just one of the signs of dramatic change in U. S. living.

The years have brought prosperity and pushed back the spectre of the Thirties in the Red River Valley, which Jim Baccus, secretary of the North

Dakota Farm Bureau in Fargo, described as the richest valley in the world "including the Nile." One farmer who had to take a job as a school janitor during the Thirties so his family could eat was now worth a quarter of a million dollars.

"The North Dakota farmer is one of the economic aristocrats of the nation," he said. "About ninety percent of the farm homes are electrified and the average per-unit income is about nine thousand dollars. They take their holidays in Florida and Bermuda. They're just getting paid for what they didn't make during the bad years." He felt improved farming methods would fend off another major disaster even if dry years came again.

Times have changed too in the coal-mining town of Pocahontas, Va., where I talked to Glenn Boone. When he started to work underground at the age of seventeen a miner got \$4.80 a day. Now with the help of John L. Lewis they get \$16 a day for a forty-hour week.

"My girl's dad started underground when he was nine," said Glenn. "He's been mining for forty-seven years." Now the mine's almost "robbed out" and recently the miners had been working only three days a week.

"Don't let anyone tell you it's a cinch to be a miner," he said. "I always ask people who talk like that how they would like to work underground. Safety is better than it used to be but you never know if you're coming back up. We had a man killed last week."

"When we were on strike the last time some of the merchants over in Bluefield were against us. If it weren't for the miners that town wouldn't exist. I can't understand their attitude. Well, those new seat covers on my car came from the mail order and I'm not the only one," he said.

Cecil Gravely, who lives in a five-room company house, with the plumbing outside, for which he pays three dollars a room told me Pocahontas (Pop. 3,000) has changed, too—for the worse. "Now there's nothing to do here. Not even a ball game," he said.



The Freedom Train Didn't Call

Segregation of colored and white people (Negroes have their own restaurants, washrooms and churches) is still legal in the south but the social pattern has changed in the last ten years. The integration program of the Army and the influence of labor unions in removing wage differentials has had a lot to do with it. Not long ago in Atlanta Dr. Ralph Bunche was given an honor escort of motorcycles on a visit.

"That couldn't have happened a few years back," said R. C. Johnson, colored principal of Parker, the largest Negro high school in the world, when I spent some time with him and his family in Birmingham, Ala.

"My greatest fear," said Johnson, "is that as the Negroes receive greater opportunities they will not be trained and prepared to accept them and such a failure would strengthen the arguments of those who say they do not deserve them. Negroes will never resort to violence to get what they want, but there is a growing restlessness among the younger people who are not content with their old lot. The picture of the idle contented Negro with his hat over his eyes, asking for nothing and getting nothing, is being rapidly outmoded even as a myth."

Birmingham has a population of three hundred and twenty-four thousand, of which a little fewer than half are colored. Negroes have one swim-

YOU probably have some special interest, too—something you'd love to have to do "some day".

But we all know a budget will only stretch so far. Today, more than ever, the secret is to plan ahead, save ahead. Here are two practical suggestions:

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It's the aging that brings cheddar cheese to its peak of perfection. MacLaren's gives you specially selected cheese aged long, long months in Kraft's curing cellars. Only the master cheesemakers at Kraft know just how to develop the smooth, spreadable texture that makes this favourite cheese so easy to serve.

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ming pool and inadequate playground facilities and these shortcomings lead to juvenile delinquency, said Johnson. "Even if we had the attendance officers to bring them in we couldn't handle all the Negro children at our school. We're asking for more schools."

Mrs. Johnson introduced me to their daughters, Barbara, nine, and Alma, thirteen. The night before she had a party for Alma and her friends in their backyard. "Many of the parents came by and said how they wished they could have a party too, but they didn't have the room," she said. "That is one of the biggest problems Negro families face. If they don't want to go to the colored theatres—and they aren't very attractive—they must depend on the home for their amusement. Where the home is inadequate or not congenial trouble begins."

Both Johnsons are active in their church, which is for Negroes only and Mrs. Johnson is one of two Negroes on the National Board of Home Missions and the only Negro woman. She told me how, when the Freedom Train was scheduled for Birmingham, local authorities insisted on segregation of lines. The people running the train refused to bring it on those conditions, so Birmingham didn't see the train.

In the same city I talked to Charles Fell, of the News, who said: "Many people in the north do not give any southerners credit for being liberal or progressive in their thinking about race. Many are working to right ancient wrongs but even the Negro leaders agree it would be unwise to move too quickly. Some of our critics confuse social equality with social justice. We want social justice for our colored people."

I talked to Mrs. Mabel Bonner, a colored housewife in Fort Worth, and asked her why she didn't move north. "Oh, I know I wouldn't have to ride in the back of buses, but you get used to that," she said. "I'm afraid I'd freeze to death up north. Besides, I'm a Texan. I'm proud of Texas and I want to stay here." She said many Negroes preferred to stay in the south where they knew the rules, stern as they were.

Maggie's a Government Girl

With blood and bravery the Japanese-Americans have won for themselves a place in the changing U. S. that is proud and secure. I walked along Seattle's First Avenue, the street where seafaring men make a home away from home in the burlesque theatre, taverns, cafes (two eggs any style 25 cents) shops (hockproof watches \$1.69), down to the market district and talked to men from the Japanese-American 442nd Combat Team, the outfit that won three thousand Purple Hearts and a big reputation in World War Two. Recently Van Johnson made a movie about them called "Go for Broke."

"Some of the boys have seen it four times," said Sam Kozu, who runs a wholesale produce firm. His brothers, in the firm with him, were both in the 442nd. He went back to school to be taught by a Caucasian how to speak Japanese. Sam was an interpreter with Intelligence.

The war years redistributed the population with a sweeping hand. Maggie Halden went to Washington from Seattle in 1940 to become a government girl, is now with the State Department.

"I don't think I'll ever go back to the coast to live. Seattle was spoiled for me during the war when I went back; it was an embarkation town. Besides I'm going to get married and live here," she said. She said a good typist can get thirty-one hundred a year to start in Washington.

She lives by herself in the same apartment she has had since 1945 and where the rent is controlled. When she first came to the capital she rented a house in Maryland and brought in five other girls. They did all the work themselves and the experiment worked so well that when two of them got married the others carried on.

"I play the piano and go swimming for relaxation. Sometimes I go out to a driving range with my boy friend but he hasn't let me play a game of golf yet," she said.

What's Funny About Brooklyn?

Merri Holway, who comes from Youngstown, Ohio, has been in Washington for seven years and the population of government girls has changed constantly in that time, she observed.

"Some of them don't like it and go home. Others, the lucky ones, get married," she said. Sure, she would like to get married but right now she is too busy taking care of her ailing parents, who have moved to Washington, to think much about it.

Mrs. Walter Truslow was born in Brooklyn in a more gracious day when the borough was a city and had its own mercantile might, long before it became part of New York and a legend which she thinks is false and a little distasteful.

"It's time people knew Brooklyn had something more than a tree and the Dodgers," she told me in her apartment on Remsen Street, a street which retains the brownstone stoops of another day. Her husband, a retired orthopedic surgeon, helped her to recall the names of the famous families who were Brooklyn before it became a great manufacturing centre and before the throngs of immigrants came over Brooklyn Bridge to run its machines.

"People forget, if they ever knew, that Brooklyn has produced many men and women of culture. Now it's become a bad joke on the radio," she said sadly.

Once a man wondered if farming was worth it, but with the coming of electrification, good roads and better prices the life of a farmer is a good one. Willard Colwell, who lives out old Highway 50 near Emporia, Kan., wishes he were as lucky fishing as he has been farming.

"I might have done better somewhere else but I doubt it," he told me. He bought an additional piece of land for \$18,500 and has paid for it with four years' wheat crops.

In the winters he and Mrs. Colwell go to California. He likes to make two-dollar bets at Santa Anita. The farm is electrified, of course, and life is a lot different from a few years ago. He worries, though, about prices. "I don't know how much longer the consumer can take it. He's the fellow who buys all this stuff we grow, you know."

The Harpers, of Emporia, Kan., are like many another young family whose roots of home have been plucked up almost before they had a chance to get a grip. During the last war Mrs. Harper lived in rooming houses around the country trying to keep close to her husband Leroy wherever he was stationed. That was before their son Mel was born, of course. But now he has been recalled to service and while they have a house to go to at his assignment in Lexington, Mo., they are on the move again.

Before oil was discovered in the frontyard of Mrs. Lou Della Grim in December 1930, Kilgore was a small Texas agricultural community having a tough time with the depression. Now it's the capital of the East Texas oil field and Liggett Grim, one of Lou Della's sons, is one of the twenty-five



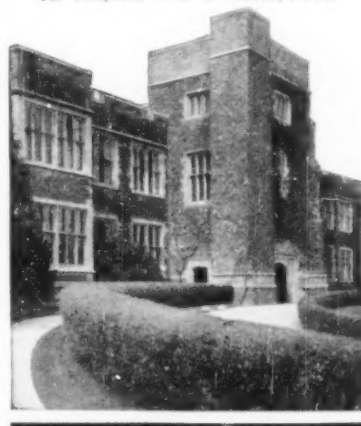
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millionaires in this town of ten thousand.

The downtown district of Kilgore, where Liggett owns the theatres and the hotel, bristles with derricks. When they found oil on the site of the Presbyterian Church they moved the church to a new location.

How're Things in Sauk Center?

The day I was talking to Liggett in his home, valued at a quarter of a million dollars, and set in a six-acre estate, he was planning a party for the evening. Invitations had gone out to three hundred and fifty guests to eat

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

FOOTNOTE FOR WHAT IT MAY BE WORTH

[To Anyone Contemplating Tyranny]

The moon is still inviolate,
The stars secure,
The sun is punctual, to date,
The winds endure;

And bird is born of feathered
bird,
And song of song;
Unalterably, a robin heard
By Caesar's throng,

Sang every jettied cadence then,
As now, and verse;
In spite of violence by men
The Universe
Wheels on!

—Martha Banning Thomas

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

barbecued chicken prepared by a dozen cooks under the lamplit trees.

Life has changed, too, in that prototype of the U. S. small town, Sauk Center, Minn., the birthplace and the burial place of Sinclair Lewis, who used it as his model when he wrote his Nobel Prize novel *Main Street*.

Joe Jackson, the jeweler, who has lived here since he got out of the regular army in 1928, doubts if he and his wife could have chosen a better place to make their home, his business and raise their son and daughter.

He bought his house in 1931 for \$400 down and he didn't see how he was ever going to pay the rest of the \$2,200 price. It was a tough time to be starting up in business but he was a watchmaker and a good one and he and his wife worked hard. Their daughter is married now to a doctor in Duluth and the boy is a lieutenant commander in the navy after having received an appointment to Annapolis.

"I sometimes wonder," Joe mused, "if I could have done better anywhere else—in a big town perhaps. I doubt it. Small-town life (Sauk Center now boasts three thousand people) is a lot better than when Lewis wrote about it. If we want a change we can get in the car and drive into the city (Minneapolis) for dinner. Yes, I'd say all in all we've been pretty happy here."

The people of Sauk Center were once angry with novelist Lewis, but today the movie theatre is called *Main Street*, the Chamber of Commerce carries a facsimile of the book jacket on its letterhead and describes itself in its literature as *The Original Main Street*. "You have no idea what Sinclair Lewis has done for this town," Harold

Lund, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, told me in his office on Main Street. "People come from all over the world to see this place. And many of them are Canadians. They seem to be interested in Lewis."

Lewis did more than bring some tourists to Sauk Center. He made it, through his art, the essence of all American small towns. You're aware of this when you come to it and the people who live here are aware of it. Sauk Center has become *Main Street* in the way that a bird, which was only a bird, became a skylark after Shelley wrote about it. It has become *Main Street* the way a city in France became Paris after countless writers laved it with prose as purple as wine.

At the Palmer House they remember Lewis with his black moods, and his unhandsome face inflamed by a skin infection since early youth. Jim Morgan remembers him as a "spasmodic" drinker. *Main Street* made little impression although a Nobel prize committee was later to regard it highly. "What did it tell you?" he asked. "Took you into every house on Main Street. So what? I know all those houses." His favorite is Elmer Gantry.

A Nameless Man in the Rain

Chuck Rathe, a Pacific war veteran who with his father runs the Herald, met Lewis when he came back to Sauk Center to address, of all things, a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. "I had talked to him when he was here," said Rathe. "And I got the feeling that Lewis, the man who won his reputation for hating small towns, really loved them. He was sorry for them and feared for the welfare of the people who lived in them because of their limited cultural and social advantages. His dream for them was that each would become a little Athens."

It was raining the evening I arrived in Boston toward the end of my visit with the people next door. I took refuge under a tree (*Ulmus Americana*) on Boston Common when I was caught in a particularly heavy downpour and just before the waterproofing wore off the leaves and I had to run for it I had a visitor.

He wouldn't give me his name when he found out I was a reporter but if it will help to identify him he wore, in addition to the regular decent Bostonian garb, one of those light-striped jackets favored by New Englanders in the summer. He said he came from Connecticut and was pleased to meet someone from Canada.

"I come from British stock and my ancestors fought the British and beat them," he said. "But, I must say that the world has been in a mess ever since the British stopped running it. There's a man called E. B. White who's always saying in the *New Yorker* that we should abandon our sovereignty as nations. That's all very well but the wrong people are abandoning it and this business of the weakening of the British Empire is the worst thing that could happen to all of us because this country certainly isn't ready to take over. Goodnight." ★

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Makes 2 Dozen

Measure into large bowl
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald
3/4 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in
1/4 cup granulated sugar
2-1/4 teaspoons salt
4-1/2 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in
1/4 cup lukewarm water
Stir in
2-1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
2-1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

ORANGE FILLING

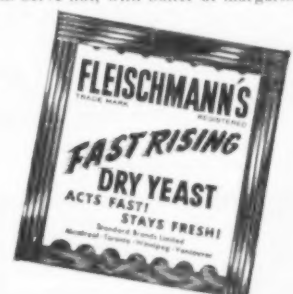
Combine in a saucepan
2-1/2 tablespoons corn starch
1/2 cup granulated sugar
Gradually blend in
1/3 cup cold water
1/3 cup orange juice

1-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
and add
1 tablespoon grated orange
rind
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Bring to the boil, stirring constantly; boil gently, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cool.

Punch down dough; form into a smooth ball. Roll into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 26 inches long; loosen dough from board. Spread with cooled orange filling.

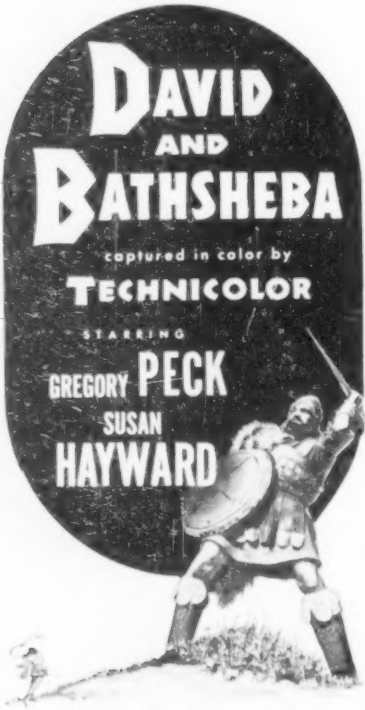
Beginning at a long edge, roll up loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place in greased muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 25 min. Serve hot, with butter or margarine.





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Don't Cuss the Traffic Cop

Continued from page 15

cop like a hireling ("I'm fired two or three times a day"), or he makes sure that Porter knows his place of business and suggests—about as subtly as a kick in the pants—that he drop in and look around sometime. "I've been offered everything—including a kitchen stove," says Porter.

In handling these types Porter is a composite of Mr. Anthony, Dorothy Dix and a school principal giving a kid the strap. Unlike traffic cops in cartoons and movies he doesn't pull up beside a car and shout "Now where do you think you're going?" Rather, to relieve nervous tension on both sides, he parks his bike a few yards in front of the car and slowly walks back.

His first words to the driver are: "Is this your car?" Then he asks for the driver's license and checks it with the number plate. By this time he has lost some indignation over the offense and is able to give the offender a talk on safety without losing his temper.

Addressing the driver by name, he explains the danger in careless driving and gives him a ticket or not, depending on the circumstances and the driver's behavior.

Porter takes a dim view of every traffic violation, regardless of how trivial it may seem, because he knows what they can cause. For ten years he rode the accident car—the big yellow vehicle with the siren and spotlight that goes to every accident. He figures he's been to more than seven thousand accidents and picked up more than fourteen thousand injured or dead bodies from the streets. Now, as he watches motorists ignore stop signs, disobey traffic signals and perform dozens of other illegal and careless stunts, he can't help thinking of the things he's seen.

A Lecture for a Mayor

When he sees a motorist make a left-hand turn from a right-hand lane he remembers the nineteen-year-old boy who was put in a wheelchair for life when another car did just that. Sometimes drivers snarl at him when he makes them fix some small defect in a car, but Porter can't erase from his mind the picture of the little girl whose brains were splattered over a lamppost when she was hit by the improperly secured sidegate of a turning truck. In his tunic pocket he carries a three-inch chunk of a jagged radiator cap. Often he shows it to motorists with the warning: "This was removed from the heart of a dead pedestrian hit by a motorist driving the way you are now."

Porter maintains that the worst fault of motorists is just plain bad manners. Recently at a busy intersection he saw a car cut from the centre lane and make a right-hand turn, leaving a line of honking, swearing motorists in its wake. Porter gave chase, waved the car over to the curb, and, after the usual preliminaries, demanded if that was the way the man at the wheel always drove.

The driver informed him defiantly that he'd been driving that way for twenty years without an accident.

Porter asked quietly: "Did you ever have to jam on your brakes to avoid hitting a car that had shot out from the curb or made an unexpected turn?" "Of course."

"Well, it's just the alertness of other drivers that's been protecting you all these years."

The driver had never thought of it that way. He lost some of his belligerency and began asking Porter questions on safety. Finally he introduced

himself as the mayor of a large northern city and invited Porter to give a safety talk to his traffic squad.

Porter points out that often a little explanation that makes the driver see reason is more effective than a ticket that makes him see red. "We've got to get the public on our side or we're beat," he says.

Don't Forget the Safety Margin

Inattention is the second biggest cause of accidents, Porter maintains. Drivers gape at store windows, yarn with other passengers, light cigars, hug their girls and do everything except watch their driving. Porter remembers one young woman who reached down involuntarily to locate a loose heater wire and in doing so put a little extra pressure on the right side of the steering wheel. In a split second of inattention the car ran up on the sidewalk and killed two pedestrians.

Porter feels that most of us don't give ourselves enough safety margin. At forty miles an hour with perfect brakes and tires on a dry street you may come to a full stop in one hundred and fifteen feet. "You should never forget that simple fact for a second when you're driving," he advises.

He also points out that most drivers don't realize that driving with any defect that interferes with safe driving is an offense; this includes dirty windshield, brakes that need pumping, tilted headlights, loose steering gear, worn-out emergency brake, twisted rear-vision mirror, improperly adjusted front seat. One accident in which a truck driver broke a boy's back was blamed on a faulty rear-vision mirror. The driver lost his license and his company paid twenty-two thousand dollars' damages.

Porter himself never presses the starter of any car without first giving it a thorough "curb test." "I just sit there and check everything that's checkable," he says. "That's what pilots do before they take an aircraft into the air and you're a lot safer up there than in busy traffic with a car that isn't perfect in every respect."

In spite of his continual despair at the stupidity of drivers, Porter could never be called a tough cop. He has a genuine liking for people and he understands that often there are extenuating circumstances. Not long ago he saw a car whiz through a red light without pausing. When Porter stopped him the driver looked at him wearily and said with perfect honesty: "I never even noticed the light." He explained he'd been working double shifts for two weeks to raise money for his wife's hospital bill. Porter, whose one vanity is his faith that he can tell a real story from a phony, suggested the driver ride the streetcars until the pressure was off and sent him on his way without a ticket.

Another time he scolded a young matron for double-parking and leaving her motor running. Blushing with confusion she thanked him and drove off with gears grinding. Five minutes later he was dumbfounded to see the same car shoot past him while he was

THE LAST OF THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRES

By IAN SCLANDERS

A Maclean's editor charts the tempestuous career of Sir James Dunn of Algoma Steel, one of our wealthiest and liveliest figures.

waiting for a red light. When he stopped the woman again she asked in an injured tone: "Well, what have I done now?" He told her.

She burst into tears. "I've never had a ticket since I started driving, but you just upset me so that I didn't know what I was doing." Porter, who is as inadequate in the presence of female tears as any husband, advised her to pull over to the curb and sit there until she felt better.

More times than he can remember Porter has helped drivers in distress. Once an American honeymooner had a collision with a streetcar, smashed his car and sent his bride to hospital. Porter had the car hauled off to a garage, supervised its repair and found the groom a place to live. Often he has loaned money and car tickets to motorists stranded at night.

"I've never even lost a dime that way," he says. "They always either send it to me or come around to the garage with it."

Porter's home life is badly disrupted by what his blond wife Doris calls his "hateful hours." He works in shifts and is home evenings only one week

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in four. The Porters haven't seen a movie in six months.

His eight-hour day means eight hours on the street. Porter always arrives at the police garage an hour early to line up the day's work for his men, assign them to their districts (no patrolman gets the same district two days in succession) and motorcycles, give them lists of license numbers to watch for, to inspect their buttons, haircuts and general appearance. He's not permitted to ride a bike home, can't afford a car and lives an hour's streetcar ride from the garage, so on days that

and getting home often take all day. If the arresting officer is not in court the case is dismissed for lack of evidence. "And you'd better have a good excuse for not being there or the inspector will take you over the jumps," says Porter.

Giving evidence is a headache to many traffic officers. A clever counsel can bully, bluff and cajole the unwary cop into legal pitfalls. Not Porter, who is a walking encyclopedia of traffic law. They still tell about a case involving a streetcar and a truck; Porter had his facts cold—speed of vehicles, point of impact and the rest. When the lawyer attempted to pin him down on the distance a streetcar would travel in a given time Porter tied the lawyer up with questions of his own—the type of car referred to, the number of passengers, condition of rails. Before he was finished the lawyer was confused and out of temper. "It was better than a circus," one of Porter's fellow officers declared.

During the eight hours he's on the street Porter covers the whole city, keeping track of his men by two-way radio. He directs traffic where the congestion is heaviest—one of the traffic officer's nastiest chores. After two hours your back feels as though it has been hit with a hammer, your calves are in knots and your stomach is sick from exhaust fumes. When it's slushy—as it often is in Toronto—every car splatters you with muck and the drivers can't see too well. At least one officer has been killed working an intersection. Drivers often become so incensed at having to stop or being denied a left turn that they will roll down their windows and curse in the policeman's face.

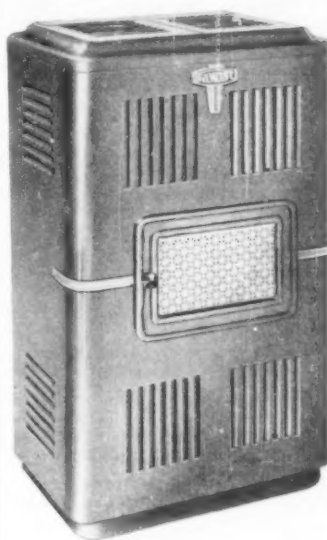
There are other dangers. Porter's bike will do one hundred and twenty miles an hour and he's had it up to



he's on the eight-to-four shift he must crawl out of bed at five.

Also, the time he must spend in court giving evidence pretty well makes a travesty of the five-day week. If a driver elects to appear in court instead of pleading guilty and paying the fine Porter is supposed to be there to give evidence on his day off. He's then allowed two hours off on another day, but getting to court, giving evidence

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The Catholic system of thought, he says, provides him with reasonable and consistent answers to the basic questions which trouble mankind. He finds it reasonable to believe, as the Catholic Church teaches, that man has a physical body and a rational soul... that man and his world were created by God... and that man lives primarily "to return to God by saving his soul through love of God and his neighbor."

With these principles to guide him, the Catholic finds it both logical and necessary to fulfill his obligations to other men... to obey the civil laws... and to labor for the improvement of society as well as personal gain. For him, the basic principles of democratic freedom are not merely a political code of



ethics but a fundamental part of his religion. Human rights, the right of private property, and government with the consent of the people, are essentials of Catholic philosophy of life.

Communism, the lawyer says, is a deadly menace to the world because the solutions it offers to men's problems, though definite, are false and often hideous. Catholicism alone, he adds, offers answers equally as definite and forceful, and backed up by an equal unity and zeal.

"Catholicism," he continues, "gives me confidence and courage to face the present and the future... the confidence of one who has a map upon which the path to a sound, secure and peaceful future is well outlined; the courage of one who knows that the guide has behind it the experience of 2,000 years, the viewpoint of the world itself, and the devotion of countless millions. I am a Catholic because it would be foolish not to be."



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ninety-five chasing a speedster. But Porter's only really bad spill came when he was traveling a mere ten miles an hour. An aged motorist who didn't see him came up behind and ran into him. It sent him thirty feet through the air and put him in hospital with bruises and a broken ankle that still bothers him.

Why does a man become a policeman? With Porter it was an interest in the law and in people. He was born in Toronto's east end, attended Leslie Public School and Eastern Commerce, where he took extra courses in public speaking. After school came the depression and the end of his hopes of studying law. He worked at several jobs until his interest in law-breakers led him to accept a position as guard in Toronto's tough old Don jail. Here he got on so well with the inmates (he used to play checkers through the bars with gangster Mickey McDonald) that they protested to the warden when he left to join the police force.

After only one month on the beat he was promoted to plainclothesman. He didn't like it and after a year got a transfer to the motorcycle squad of No. 8 Division. Here for a year he directed traffic, escorted bank clerks, helped kids across the streets and did the other chores required of a divisional patrolman. Then he was transferred to the traffic division and rode the accident car for a decade. Last December he was promoted to patrol sergeant and found himself back on a motorcycle.

The Porters live in their own two-story brick house in Leaside, a municipality adjoining Toronto on the north-east. They have two children, Bruce, seven, and Gail, three and a half. Bruce, who is tall and curly-headed and talkative like his dad, wants to be a cop when he grows up, but his dad says "Not if I can help it."

Porter spends most of his spare time and his three-week holiday putting around the backyard, painting, terracing, trying to keep water out of his basement and growing roses. When he can make it he goes fishing. When he can't be outside Porter listens to brass-band music on the radio and studies law books, safety statistics and traffic cases from all over the country. He enjoys playing with the neighborhood kids and he has just about as much trouble as any other father persuading his own to go to bed.

In spite of all the drawbacks of police work and pressure from his family and friends Porter has turned down offers of twice his present salary from insurance companies and law firms impressed with his investigating ability. "Police work gets in your blood," he explains.

The other day he stopped an old beat-up jalopy to check on faulty steering. The elderly driver was a clergyman and after listening to Porter's safety lecture he declared: "Son, you've given me an idea for my Sunday radio sermon." Porter heard the talk: "As the policeman saves the body, the clergyman saves the soul."

"I guess it's something like that," he says. ★

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—Leonard K. Schiff



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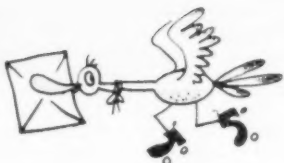
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More Letters on Page 3



It Was George's War, Too

I read the very brave story on Corporal Karry Dunphy's War in Maclean's, June 1. And I couldn't help but wish I was a boy, and that I at this very moment was serving in Corporal Dunphy's section. Although I am a girl nearly eighteen, I can just well imagine what it is like out there in Korea, because I once had a brother and he got called up in the Northumbrian Fusiliers. George was my only living relative—I was in the orphanage at the time he went in the army. I received two letters weekly and always a snapshot of various boys in his regiment. The last letter I got was from the officials in charge of his group saying that he had been killed in action.

The photographs you put in Maclean's I have cut out and put them with my brother's in a scrapbook because I know that, if he were still living, he would want to be in that very gallant group.—Sheila Rose Jean Wass, Ferriby, near Hull, England.

Battle-Hardened Sailors

In your July 1 issue you have pictured a sailor photographed by Karsh depicting the battle-hardened Canadian sailor. You have a very fine



W. J. Walker, V-10956, RCNVR

photograph but I believe I have one comparable of a sailor (see cut) who has seen action.—Fred Clausen, Govan, Sask.

Baxter's Friends and Foes

To my great delight I read Baxter Under Fire (in Mailbag June 15)—a good cross-section of thought from Quebec to Manitoba. In my judgment the contributors of the four letters sized up the London Letter author correctly. I think it would do that type of mind immense good if he were to take a daily look at himself in a mirror.—Fred Mutt, Calgary.

• Your London Letter by Beverley Baxter is always a pleasure to read.—Ida L. O'Dwyer, London, Ont.

• I'm "agin" all your critics of Beverley Baxter.—William Bullock, New York City.

If the Reds Attack

That article, If the Russians Attack Canada (June 15), is a scurrilous attempt to stir up war hysteria. We all know well the Russians have no intention of attacking Canada or any

other country, and that all people desire peace and prosperity, not war with all the loss of life and property.

A national magazine should speak for the people, not deceive them. Who has military air bases all over the world, not the U.S.S.R. but the U. S. A. who boasts that she dominates the seven seas and the air above them and controls the U.N.—Agnes L. Honey, Salmon Arm, B.C.

The Stock Crooks

The article by Fred Bodsworth in your June 15 issue, How the Stock Crooks Operate, is courageous and timely. I cannot think that our attorney-general's department in Ontario is unable to think up plans to halt this awful evil. Why not advertise widely in U. S. papers, explaining the methods of the brazen loafers and quoting case histories as a warning?

If there ever was advanced a good argument for the nationalization of our mining and oil properties, this article revealed it.—Gertrude M. Knapp, Thorold, Ont.

• The first time a man with a charming voice called me long distance and asked me to sell one of my dividend-paying stocks and buy his unknown prospect I told him (as soon as I could get a word in edgewise) that I was the widow of an officer in the north of Montreal and that I would speak to the manager in the morning and ask his advice—at that point he hung up the receiver!

My second method of escape concerns those letters they send when they enclose an envelope with a "postage will be paid by sender" stamp. I always write "Please take my name off your sucker list" and return it to them sealed, so they have to pay the extra postage, which obviously infuriates them because they usually stop.—E. M. J., Brockville, Ont.

• The article . . . is a gross misrepresentation and distortion of facts in so far as it concerns the great majority of respectable people engaged in the security business.—R. MacMillan, Toronto.

• Best piece of fiction I've read for a long time.—J. O'mally, Hamilton, Ont.

No Jungle? No Wild Men?

I have just read "We Found the Last Wild West," by R. P. Hobson. To find such a crazily inaccurate article as this in the most important magazine in Canada gives one a nasty jolt. Don't you have a map in the office, even if you know next to nothing about this province?

To begin with, the writer's locale is in southern not northern B. C. The Canadian National Railway, which runs roughly through central B. C., is several hundred miles north of the district he writes about. Anahim Lake is about the 52nd parallel, almost the same as Calgary.

This is open cattle country, not "dark jungleland where groups of law-dodging wild men live on moosemeat and muskrat." Lord Tweedsmuir passed through here on one of his trips, and there is a well-known resort hotel, Tweedsmuir Lodge, for big game

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hunters who hunt all over this district regularly.

There are no Indians in this district or between here and the CNR to the north who have "never seen a white man." The local ranchers employ them frequently. As for the incident of the "fierce Chilcotins killing all a white road crew," the writer must have been told of the Waddington massacre which happened in 1863, rather more than "a few years ago."

The Itcha Mts. are not "unknown and unexplored." Every foot of them has been surveyed, charted and mapped. Just to the northwest of them is the site of Canadian Aluminum Company's great industrial project.

It is a great pity to spoil a Canadian magazine with the ravings of such a green American writer. Why not stick to Canadian writers?—Hilda G. Howard, Victoria.

Under the Tent

I had several real laughs when the July 1 issue arrived. The circus cover by Rex Woods carried me back many years. I was in just such a position as that when Barnum was at my home



town. I had seen bills of a wonderful eight-legged horse that looked fierce and wonderful. In some way one of our crowd had located the exact position of its pen in the tent and we were down (as illustrated) having a peek. In some way I missed the signal to scat. A huge colored roustabout making the rounds gave me a boost in the seat of my pants ... with a no. 10 boot. Propelled me in free. But what a sell the eight legs were! Nothing but a little hoof growing out of the fetlock and very much like a boy's pigeon toes or thumbs. — Harry Lowe, Ninette, Man.

The Reds at Trail

I think in all fairness to the members of the Mine and Mill Union that you should send a reporter out here just to see how we live, how we stack up with other districts; to see our truly fine schools and equally fine kids—future citizens who believe the same as we do. Articles like the one your magazine printed (How a Red Union Bosses Atom Workers, April 1) do a lot to stir up a lot of bad feelings and it will be quite a while before folk forget it.

The one thing "Red" about us is our blood, a lot of which has been donated to the Red Cross.—J. Lowcay, Kootenay East, B.C.

Living in the Dark

Yesterday afternoon I read Larry Bartlett's story, What It's Like to Live in the Dark (June 15) to about thirty blind people who gather to play dominoes at the local Canadian National Institute for the Blind. I have read a great deal to blind people but never an article that held them so spellbound. Now and then I would hear a chuckle as one would recognize one of their own problems ... We have adopted Larry as a silent member of our blind family here in Hamilton.—Janet Pilton, Hamilton.



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THE WORLD OVER

WIT AND WISDOM



Jack of all Trades—"Prices," says the Peterborough Examiner, "are not on the march, they are in a headlong flight." That thing you see stumbling after them is, of course, the Canadian dollar.—*Toronto Telegram*.

Collector's Item—Money is as good as it ever was, except for buying things.—*Toronto Star*.

Medium Rare—If radio couldn't kill radio, television never will.—*Canadian Broadcaster (Toronto)*.

Beware of a Dark Woman—Flattery, according to Dorothy Dix, is okay for husbands provided it is rationed. Maybe so, but keep in mind that with controls there's usually a black market.—*Sudbury Star*.

Now I Think That—An egotist is a guy always me-deep in conversation.—*Prince Albert Daily Herald*.

Hint to Executives—Don't toss the unopened circular into a wastebasket. Along with a message of importance to all right-thinking citizens, it may contain a useful paper clip.—*Edmonton Journal*.

All in Your Mind—A person should not eat when he is miserable, a physician declares. What about those persons who are miserable when they are hungry?—*Kingston Whig Standard*.

Who's a Freud?—While in the big city on a vacation trip a man and his wife hailed a taxi and told the driver where they wanted to go. The driver raced off wildly and went careening down the street, swaying, bumping, and giving the couple several anxious moments. Noticing their concern, he shouted over his shoulder: Driver: Don't worry, folks; I ain't going to land you in no hospital. I just got out of one.

Wife (very sympathetically): How dreadful! Was it an operation?
Driver: Naw, I was a mental case.—*Cardinal (Ont.) News*.

Confidence Man—One: "You say Bill is pretty cocky and sure of himself?"

The other: "I'll say he is. He does crossword puzzles with a pen."—*Montreal Star*.

Lightheaded—"When I get to bed at night I always see green signals and red signals in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"
"No, only red and green signals."—*Edson (Alta.) Western Signal*.

Lifetime Job—Two friends met who had not seen each other for several years. "Hello, Jim! Who'd have thought of seeing you? Who are you working for now?"

"Same people," was the cheery response, "wife and five children."—*Edmonton Journal*.

JASPER

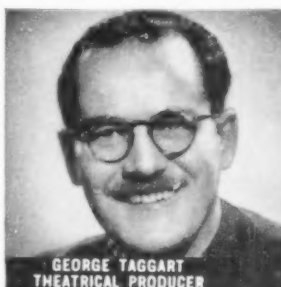
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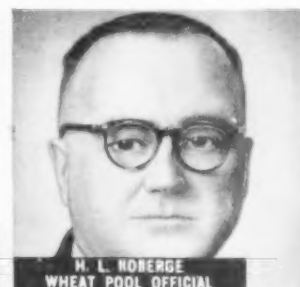
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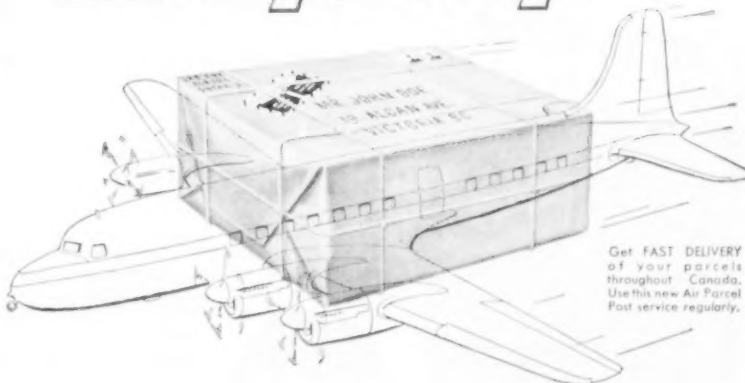
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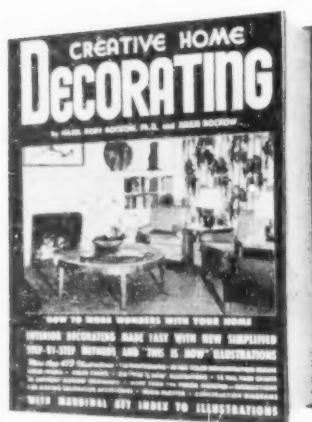
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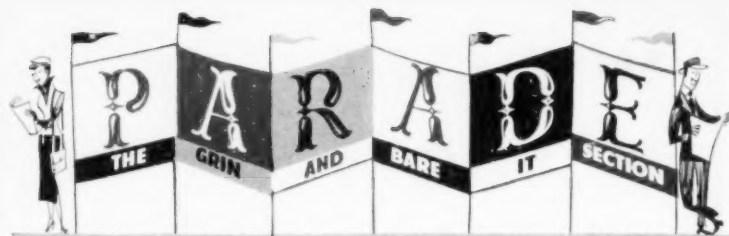
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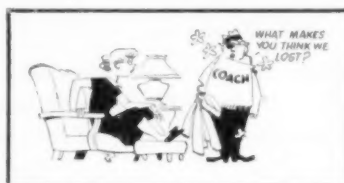
A FORMER merchant sailor now retired near Kingston, Ont., often sits on a bench at an intersection near his home watching the passing cars. Many drivers stop to ask directions and the old sailor's reply is always the same: "Don't rightly know. I never been out of throwin' distance from this place in my life."

Recently a neighbor heard him tell this to an American tourist and took him to task. "You've been around the world half-a-dozen times," he pointed out. "Why did you tell that man you've never left this district?"

The old man smiled wisely. "For one thing," he said, "they can get better directions at the gas station up the road, and on top of that they'll get a great kick out of telling the folks back home about the quaint character up in Canada who had never left his own home town."

It was a close game but Selkirk finally beat Beauséjour in a recent baseball tournament at Stonewall, Man. After receiving the plaudits of admiring fans the Selkirk coach made his way after dark to the buses waiting to take the players back to their home towns.

Climbing into one he settled contentedly into the front seat and addressed a huddled shape behind him. "Any team that plays as bad



ball as they did tonight," he said, preparing to launch his analysis of the game, "doesn't deserve to win."

There was a long silence then a chilly voice replied: "You may be right about that, mister. But you're on the wrong bus."

For several days the Dominion Meteorological Bureau had little change to report in the July weather for southern Alberta. In sheer boredom perhaps the author of these coldly factual bulletins suddenly showed concern one day for the wider social problems of the area, as follows: "Lethbridge: Sunny. Little chance in temperance."

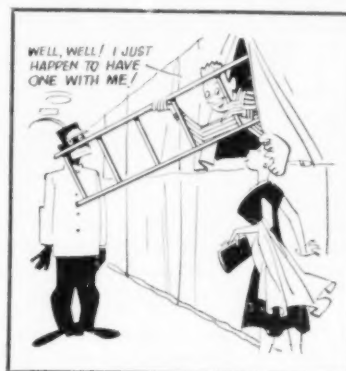
The fishing was good near Hornby, Ont., and a small boy joined adult anglers on the bank of a stream. He

had the enthusiasm but not much skill and he asked one of the men to help him put together a willow rod, a length of string and a safety pin.

The job finished, the boy fitted a dew worm on the pin, whereupon he laboriously closed the pin and dropped his line in the water. His helper pointed out that closing the pin was no way to catch fish.

"Yes," said the boy, "but if I don't close the pin the worm will wriggle off, and you can't catch fish without a worm, can you?"

The train was crowded and the woman traveling from Regina to Vancouver had an upper berth. When she was ready for bed she looked for



the customary ladder to reach her berth but couldn't find it. She told the porter and he led the search for the ladder.

Their conversation and their foot-steps up and down the car awakened a young traveler in another upper berth and he opened his curtain and asked if he could help.

"We're looking for the ladder to help this lady into her berth," said the porter.

"Well, if you can't find it," said the young man, unfastening additional buttons in his curtain and producing the single ladder that goes with all Pullman cars, "use mine."

The approach of the upland game season on the prairies prompts many farmers to raise No Trespassing signs on their land to protect livestock and even farm buildings from the potshots of careless hunters.

A motorist driving on a rural Manitoba road recently saw one of these signs to which a farmer had applied a new twist: "HUNTERS BEWARE! DANGEROUS BULL!"

At the next farm the warning was even more ominous: "HUNTERS BEWARE! DANGEROUS FARMER!"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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portant constituent of paints, plastics, adhesives, gelatins, hairpins, and scores of other commodities.

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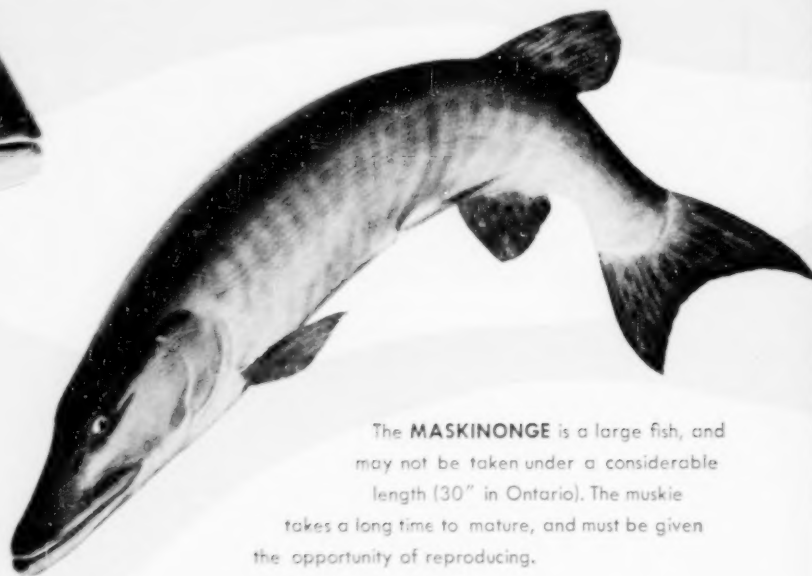
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In early summer, the **BLACK BASS** guards his nest of eggs and young. To catch him before the end of June would leave the young fish at the mercy of predators, and bass fishing would suffer.



The **MASKINONGE** is a large fish, and may not be taken under a considerable length (30" in Ontario). The muskie takes a long time to mature, and must be given the opportunity of reproducing.

SPECKLED TROUT are usually quite small, and the minimum length for them in Ontario is seven inches. This is because they are already adult fish at that size.

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